

The Professional Bulletin STAGE and SCREEN

November

25c



Edna Leedom

Interviews with
Gilbert Patten
Doris Niles
Marilyn Miller
Cecil de Mille
Beth Merrell
W. C. Fields
Mary Blair
M. De Jari
Fanny Brice
and others



The PROFESSIONAL STAGE and SCREEN BULLETIN

VOL. I

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Margaret Quimby

EDITORIAL

COUNTERFEITERS

A SERMON should be from a text, so let us paraphrase Tennyson a wee bit and begin: "For good we are, and bad, and like to coins, some true, some light, but every one of us stamped with the image of the King."

Fair and square dealing demands some standard of value. We like to think we are sterling. We prate a lot about our Christian virtues. We have almost persuaded ourselves we are "an image and likeness."

Maybe so, but a bit of soul-searching may disclose more than a proper amount of alloy; more vices than virtues; little fidelity to the likeness.

Instead, counterfeits. And what has Fate in store for a civilization, or a publication, where counterfeit is made the medium of exchange?

Who are the counterfeiters?

Insincere folks, who say one thing when they mean another, and camouflage the truth beyond detection when perchance they do dally with it a little.

Faultfinders, whose energies are devoted entirely to rectifying the shortcomings of *the other fellow*

Tattlers, who hate to have any story lose anything by passing through their lips.

Pretenders, who are altogether too good to be true.

Ruffians, who disregard the rules and the every-day decencies of courtesy, good faith, loyalty and square dealing.

Liars, who think the tinsel trappings with which they bedeck untruth have decorative value.

What has all this to do with our undertaking? Again, let's see.

We started this little magazine with the idea that we had a helpful mission, and a message. We wanted, in all sincerity, to establish a meeting place where all men's good should be each man's law. We purposed to broadcast good-will; to discover and promote talent; to adhere to truth; to be silent about shortcomings in others

What is the result, so far?

Our expression of good-will has been called *saccharine*.

Our sincerity has been styled *a new brand of bunk*.

By whom? The counterfeiters, or so it seems to us.

Counterfeiters' work is done always by stealth. They steal our ideas, they cramp our style, they hamper and delay us, in order that counterfeit worth shall be made the standard.

If this could be, as sometimes it seems to be, established, who would gain? What would they gain? Who would lose and what would be lost? Let us answer the last question first. The chance to become truly great will be lost, to all of us, finally and forever, as a people and as a promising publication. The counterfeiters would have scored again.

We have grown like the green bay tree, in size and in circulation, which indicates there are some people, somewhere, who recognize good work and are with us for world awakening. We have had more than a fair share of bouquets, and enjoyed them, and we are not scolding any of the live wires. Folks who do an honest day's work to the limit of their ability can not and do not waste their time and ours finding fault. They believe, as we do, that it is better to find out wherein we can agree with our fellows on things worth while doing and then trying, all together, to get those things done. You can't quarrel in a shoulder-to-shoulder tug, but the best of men, as soon as they stop tugging and begin to argue about it, "mistake their pugnacity for piety" and progress is all off.

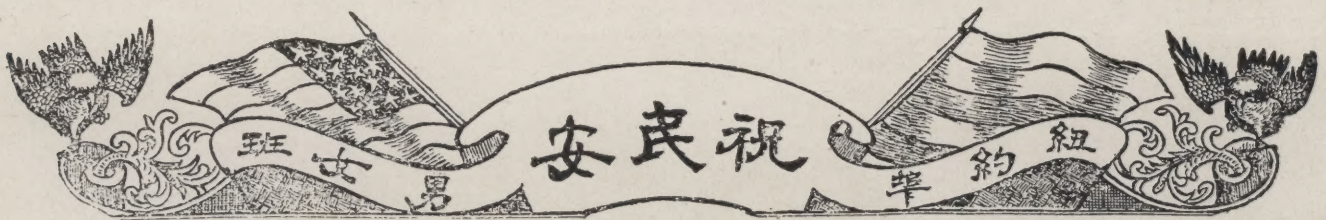
We know some of our faults, and strive to rectify them, but we're too young to reform, even if convinced we needed to. A ringing cheer for good work and good workers, a conservation for better use of the breath wasted in fault-finding—these are the things we want. The note of a penny pipe, if its tone is true, contributes to the jubilee. It may be we are all wrong about there being need for happiness here and now. Maybe a slumbrous mental state such as we live in is ideal. Certainly it requires tremendous and sustained effort to make any progress against the dead weight of the sleepers, the shirkers and the counterfeiters who have to be carried along in the human tide.

Unless this people at this time can be aroused, spiritually, this civilization, which has reached a peak in material progress such as was attained by the Egyptian, the Greek and the Roman, must pass to oblivion, as they did; and we're moving too fast to escape the calamity unless the tide is controlled and wisely directed. Our piping may—or may not—lack volume, but it is high-pitched, its tone is true, and the tune is "Arouse up, ye sleepers; the morning is come."

What has all this to do with the making of a magazine?

Just watch us. You'll see.

—J. N. B.



For Ways That Are Dark and Tricks That Are Vain

WE certainly agree with Bret Harte, for after a trip to the New York Chinese Theatre, hidden away in the great Gotham Metropolis where "They Say Such Things and They Do Such Things," "On the Bowery," we are confident that "the heathen Chinese is (more than) peculiar."

"On the Sidewalks of New York," at 239-237, stands the former "London Theatre," of three score and ten years ago, where traveling stock companies were wont to play, where later Max Gabel, a prominent Jewish actor, had his company, the playhouse being named the "Thalia." Here also Italian drama and comedy were enacted, no less an internationally known Grand Opera star than the late Enrico Caruso having given permission to use his name in connection with the enterprise, the place of amusement being known as the Caruso Theatre. Dorothy Benjamin (Mrs. Caruso) honored the actors with her presence upon the opening night, and the Italian régime enjoyed a run of considerable popularity.

The Chinese have been in possession for just about a year, and during that time have not been slow in acquiring the methods of Broadway. A large sign prominently placed above the box office, acquaints the visitor that the admission is no less than \$2.50 top, the balance of the house being scaled to \$1.10 in the gallery. We parted with \$4.00 after courtesies were denied, and found later, as we were departing, that the prices were only for Americans, the Orientals knowing better, and having a special rate about one half, or less. "Damn clever, these Chinese!"

Well, at any rate, we were not the only ones who "fell for the bunk," for George Jean Nathan and Dorothy Gish paid \$2.50 each and didn't know any more about what was going on than the writer. The most humorous incident of the evening, however, was the fact that a Jewish manager, Max Moskowitz, tried to explain to this American reviewer what the Orientals were talking about, in Chinese.

No S. R. O. and No Need for It

There was plenty of room as we entered the theatre of 1,000 seats—we were not annoyed by those who insisted on explaining what is going on better than the actors, who are paid to do the same thing; none bothered us by coming in late and making us lose the dialogue or action.

Around the theatre were various signs in Chinese, the "No Smoking" sign in English had a Yiddish translation beneath, and the horse-shoe of the balcony was decorated with varicolored silks and satin, upon which were embroidered Chinese characters.

The curtain was up, the show having started at 7 P. M., and various characters were seated down stage, some walking about, others drinking tea or smoking, and the musicians seated back-stage, much after the manner of our present-day jazz orchestra—one might have thought that a cabaret-vaudeville was in progress, although none in the audience laughed or even smiled; none applauded during the whole time we were there.

Characters made their exits and entrances by pushing aside single Chinese embroidered curtains hanging at either side of the back drop. Musicians' coats and straw hats were hung about, the musicians themselves without coats, some not wearing collars or ties, and dressed American fashion, though just what fashion was difficult to determine.

Border lights were in full view and reflecting their light toward the audience. There were three-foot "spots" in addition to the footlights, and various rolled-up "wings" with lines leading to the "pin-rail," which was in plain sight. The property man was seated to the rear and evidently had as important part to play as any of the actors, for he placed the various properties, set chairs, took them away and did a great deal of "business."

What It Was All About

We were told that a love drama was being presented (they do a different play each night), but upon visiting a laundry after leaving the theatre a Chinaman laughed upon reading the synopsis printed on the program; so we take it for granted that there was at least some comedy, even though the audience, when the play was reviewed, did not appear visibly affected.

Prior to the entrances of each character, the musicians played entrance music; much of it sounded similar, although there were great differences, and *motifs* illustrative of the action. For example, Manager Moskowitz, without even looking toward the stage, upon hearing a few strains of music said, "I'll bet there was a baby born," and sure enough a few moments later one of the characters entered with a dressed up doll—just how the *layette* was utilized with such

rapidity was not explained (we believe). The music consisted of the screeching and wailing of stringed Chinese violins, and instruments played after the manner of guitars, also frequent use of the Wood Block, together with an almost constant utilization of Chinese cymbals, which are very large and very noisy. In the Symphony Orchestra, Percussion is relegated to one-third, but in this Chinese Orchestra it was nearly three-thirds—all the time, in fact, the orchestra insisted on being heard, at times to the exclusion of the dialogue. Parts of the latter were spoken and chants used intermittently—it did not sound like singing, though it may have been.

The main characters were attired in real Chinese costumes which were imported into this country under bond, although it was noted that several of the women, a few of whom took part, wore French slippers, an incongruity not in keeping with the roles.

It was also noted that one of the musicians performed, to us, a disgusting nasal function without the use of a handkerchief, and then used a table cloth for the purpose handkerchiefs were intended. From this we gathered that this could scarcely have been a very high class organization, nor one at the head of which was a Chinese Belasco or Winthrop Ames.

Various female impersonators played some of the roles, although not all of the weaker sex characterizations. It is not a fact, despite much printed to the contrary, that *all* female roles are enacted by men in China. Within the last 200 years this order of things has changed.

The Import of the Action Itself

We were advised prior to our entrance, by Samuel Glassman, special officer and general superintendent, that the play lasted until twelve P. M. and that we "wouldn't stay in there that long"—we acquiesced, and we *didn't*!

In the one hour we stuck to our assignment (picked it ourselves—so there's no kick) several characters, men and women, and female impersonators, sat around on high, straight-backed wooden chairs and talked much after the manner of a small minstrel first part. There was little "business." There were foot rests on the chairs, and ever and anon the property man placed small and low wooden seats atop the chairs, designated as "chair-elevations," for special characters to sit upon.

A scene, evidently between a lover and his girl, gave the writer an impression of a Lady of the Evening who, plying her time-honored ancient profession, had accumulated enough to pay her "cadet" quite a sum of money. He left apparently without thanking her and with no visible demonstration of affection, this stoic indifference being also apparent in her general demeanor.

Another scene depicted evidently a business man going over his accounts, for the use of an Abacus and a red book in which

the result of his computations was entered could scarcely have indicated otherwise.

We Interview the Leading Lady Back Stage

Through the courtesy of the house manager, Frank Rapone, we looked over the balcony, where Al Freed assisted in giving us information, and then journeyed by subterranean passage back stage. The dressing rooms were small and crowded. Actors in various stages of dress and undress were lying about in sort of bunks, smoking and resting while waiting for their cues.

On the stage itself, behind the back drop, were hanging various costumes for changes, and a rather small sheet of paper upon which were drawn numerous characters. This, we were informed, contained a full story of the play and was used by the stage manager to follow the action, tell the actors their various entrances and keep tabs on the whole procedure.

Tula Hing, one of the leading ladies, spoke to us (she knows a few words of English), and we shook hands. The young lady is pretty and has a decided personality.

Performances are given each day of the week from 7 P. M. until 12 P. M., continuously, and on Sundays from 6 P. M. till 11 P. M. The actors are bonded in at \$1,000 for each actor, and must return to China at the expiration of that time. Sunday is their best night and Saturday the worst. There is opposition, a Chinese theatre near the Manhattan Bridge, where the old Atlantic Gardens formerly held sway. Here are actors who came from Boston after the tong war about a year ago between the Hip Sing and the On Leon tongs.

The enterprise is of, for, and by Chinamen; and recreation, as they see things, is an affair not to be hurried under any circumstances. Any citizen of the occident who associates himself with the Chinese Theatre adapts himself to this *what's-your-hurry* animating spirit. Players and plots conform to Oriental traditions. The

deadliest purposes are carried out with deliberation characteristic of the race. Costumes conform more or less to the caste system.

As we left another piece of information was allowed to filter through in a unguarded moment. As the hour grows later the price of admission grows less.

Next time we shall go at 11.55 P. M.

HENRY MARCUS.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of stories of foreign language theatres in New York. Others will appear from time to time—the Yiddish, the Italian, the German, and others as we are able to assemble essential data.

劇良育教淫警



莊慧譚

特色

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Playing Hide and Seek With Luck

By GILBERT PATTEN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We promised some interesting stories of how failure sometimes wins. "Many a success is built on a hard luck foundation, and there are many such builders willing to tell such stories, for whatever use they may be to others," is what we said. Here is one such true story that ought to brace anybody's courage.

* * *

BYOND a doubt I am qualified by experience to write about hard luck, for it had me hobbled and all but helpless for a while.

I thought I would strike bottom after a time, and then my fall would stop; but when I reached bottom I dropped right out through a hole and kept on going down. There didn't seem to be a thing I could catch hold of to save myself, though I was making blind grabs in all directions. I was getting as dizzy as a gay blonde and as desperate as a well-known gentleman by the name of Desmond. Perhaps I was yellow. Anyhow, I was scared. "This," I told myself, "is my finish." Then I became resigned and waited for the final crash, which promised to be worse than the bursting of a real estate boom.

The movies had helped drive me off my perch. Perhaps that perch wasn't high enough to brag about, but it had been fairly steady and comfortable. I never held any delusions about it. I never imagined that I was writing great literature at the rate of twenty thousand words—often quite a lot more—a week. The job had been accepted in order to keep a fire under the pot.

For seventeen years I piled the fuel on. One million and forty thousand words a year for seventeen years; seventeen million, six hundred and eighty thousand words in all! Fiction. Really a running serial in weekly installments, though each installment pretended to be a complete story in itself. Two leading characters and hundreds of supers. The ingredients: Action always, some plot, some attempt at characterization (as much as the publishers would permit), cleanliness, quite a lot of slap-stick humor, and the attempted depiction of the ideal young American such as every decent youth would like to be. Then the rising flood of the movies.

I saw it coming, and jumped. I should have jumped much sooner.

I was branded. Frank and Dick Merriwell had done that for me. The most of the magazine editors had learned that "Burt L. Standish" was a mask behind which Gilbert Patten had tried to hide. Some of them didn't know that I had conceived the scheme of the Top-Notch Magazine and had

edited it during the first seven months of its life, at the end of which period I gave up trying to be an editor, while at the same time hacking out twenty thousand words of fiction weekly. Another man took the editorial job. I believe the early success of the magazine was principally built on my "Lefty Locke," "Bainbridge of Bangor," and "Boltwood" stories. But finally I got my wires crossed with the editor who had succeeded me, and soon found myself looking around for new worlds to conquer. The tumble was on.

Conquering new worlds didn't prove to be much of a snap for me. Editors and publishers in general had me pigeon-holed as a writer of juvenile and sport stories, and their faith that I could do anything else wasn't as large as a grain of mustard seed. I had to show them, and it made them tired when they were asked to look. I've been told, and I have reasons to believe it's true, that whenever I

submitted a story of love, romance, adventure or mystery, the editors glanced casually at my name on the manuscript and practically said: "What's this bird think he's trying to do? He can't write the kind of stuff we want." And then they would shoot my struggles for life and substance right back at me. I got down to bean porridge hot, cold, nine days old, and at last very little of that.

I'd already played a little on the edge of the motion picture game. I had sold three stories, written in continuity, to Selig back in the days when single reels were features. I put a price of \$60 each on the first two and asked \$75 for the third. That jump in price brought a letter which stated that I'd been receiving \$10 more a story than Selig was paying any other writer, and that (Continued on page 39)



Gilbert Patten at his summer home in Camden, Me.

Harmonizing Domesticity and a Career

By LYDIA BARTON



Lila Lee

When one becomes a bread-winner at an age when dolls and little blue dishes are absorbing interests to most children, one's life-lines are apt to become tangled and one's outlook askew like the architectural lines in "*The Cabinet of Doctor Calagary*." And any little maid who makes her own way through the maze and comes out smiling has solved a complicated problem.

So the Chief thought if we could get Lila Lee to talk about the haven of a home, and domesticity versus a career, it ought to make an interesting story. When we suggested this she said:

"You mean how home and a career harmonize, don't you? Domesticity? I don't know a thing about it. How could I? You know I have been a player since I was five years old. Everything I do around a house I do wrong. Seem to have a gift that way."

"But," we objected, "you have a home in Hollywood and another one here in New York."

"Yes, of course. After all, that is the only thing that lasts."

She did not leave any opening for a "come-back" to that; didn't finish her sentence with "isn't it?" There was no chance for the slightest doubt as to her conviction. "After all, that is the only thing that lasts."

Her home in the East is up at Rye, just a little place, and temporary, she says, in order that James Junior may have proper surroundings while overcoming tooth troubles and other incidents of babyhood. "We think it is awful that a child should grow up

"HOME - loving hearts are happiest," says an old song. It may, or may not, indicate the trend of this story.

Lila Lee's home for something like twenty years past has been under her hat, you might say. Her stage career had its beginning when she was five years old. Now she and her husband, James Kirkwood, have a roof-tree of their own, with James Junior directing all its activities.

in an apartment. Of course we only get down there for weekends, but he has a nurse who adores him and in whose care he is perfectly safe."

It would have helped out a lot if this interview could have come off somewhere "on location" in the fields of Rye, or on the beach thereabouts. Instead, the little star of *The Bride Retires* was in her dressing-room at the theatre, making up for her entrance. She was just ready when the call boy rapped on the door and said "orchestra"—or maybe it was "overture." We had approached the theme of domesticity from every angle that occurred to us, and the answers to every question somehow terminated in a reference to James Junior.

"All that I know about a home is to choose the right people to do the necessary things. I know when they are not done right. But what home could be anything but a success with that little imp around to make every moment interesting?"

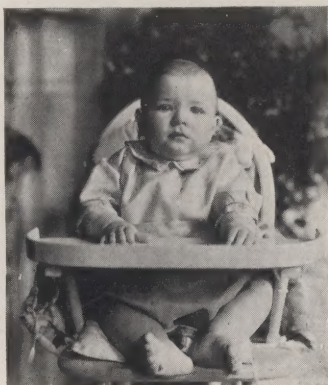
You see, just getting back to the one topic. As she talked, busy fingers of a shapely hand were rubbing on the rouge and dusting on the powder. Then the beading of the lashes, and that part of the performance was finished.

The little grey frock and the demure little bonnet that matched it were quite Quaker-like in their effect. In every dress she wears in the play—three in all, not counting the pajamas—there is all the artlessness of true art. It may be that the attention to the most minute detail which the camera requires accounts in part for this, but there is also a feeling for the fitness of each item that contributes. The skirts were knee-length, except the white creation worn in the bedroom scene. This was long and frilly, and worn over a scalloped petticoat. It was altogether intriguing, which doubtless it was meant to be. Not one of the frocks had about it the remotest suggestion of domesticity.

"A picture of me and of the family? You (Continued on page 43)



James Kirkwood



Their Baby

Jumping Over The Moon

With EDNA LEEDOM

JUST as constellations shed light years in advance of their appearance in the heavens, so years ago, in the City of Brotherly Love, a predestined star of the theatrical firmament, initially entering its orbit, cast forth a feeble light which was fated to develop into radiance of first magnitude.

At the corner of Broad and Master streets, in a church, sang a slip of a girl with a fair voice but a great deal of determination. She wanted the moon—and started in to get it.

There happened along the Milky Way of Stardom a stock company—the Orpheum Players and at the Chestnut Street Theatre the girl who wanted the moon took the first steps on her journey.

In no great length of time, the Mecca of all Thespians was reached, and in Gotham, and on Broadway, if you please, there appeared a "Sister Team" in vaudeville which the writer happened to "catch." A blonde and a brunette—my but the blonde was thin! but she immediately arrested attention. It was not altogether the mass of golden hair, the laughing blue eyes, beautiful dimples, or perfect teeth, nor altogether the vocal cadences, charm of youth or pristine adolescence. There was an indefinable potential, a certain inexplicable something, a sort of nebulous magnetism, oft referred to as "personality" for want of a better name, that made itself felt.

Writing at that time on one of the leading theatrical magazines in New York City, this reviewer said: "Edna Leedom, of the team of Melnotte and Leedom, is a comedienne well worth watching and will eventually develop into a star of musical comedy."

Speaking of that time, Miss Leedom said, "And I tried so hard to do a nice, pretty act, but every time I said anything the audience laughed. This discouraged me so much I was going to quit, but Coral encouraged me to try for the laughs, and now I get many laughs when I think of it."

Came a time when the former Quaker City church-singer did a few steps more on her journey with Harry Tighe. She was inclined to "clown" in this act a little too much, and the writer pointed out the fallacy, which was corrected. With Tighe, Miss Leedom acquired an assurance in the delivery of lines, developed her inherent sense of comedy values, her "timing," and became such a favorite that she attracted the attention of Dave Stamper, he who writes for the Ziegfeld Follies.

With Stamper, Edna did the last and best vaudeville act of her career, becoming a featured offering, annexing headline honors, and stopping shows.

At this time, 1923, the writer said, "Miss Leedom is the Charlotte Greenwood of vaudeville," rated her as one hundred per cent, and wrote: "If Miss Leedom does not land in the near future, as a star of her own production, the writer will miss his guess"—an opinion which was laughed at by his fellow compatriots and ridiculed by contemporary compeers.

From vaudeville prominence to Ziegfeld "glorification" was the next lap, and it was not many moons before it was a case of the glorified "glorifying" the glorifier. In the Follies Miss Leedom developed not only artistically, but physically, and now the former Will o' the Wisp figure is a well-rounded, symmetric picture of health and vibrant effervescence.

Attractive offers from other managers, four-figure contracts from motion picture producers, her own ambitions for dramatic supremacy, have all failed to influence Ziegfeld, who, needing no telescope to determine the future brilliancy of Miss Leedom, has placed her under an additional three-year contract and will accord her stellar prominence in a new play he is bringing from Europe.

Edna Leedom is now entering the home stretch in her race to the moon; she has "Jumped Over the Moon," and as a "Star" will take her rightful place as a scintillating meteor among other constellations.

Born in October—no, she wouldn't say just how many years ago—but not many, under the ruling planet Venus, Miss Leedom is a living example of all that Libra, the scales of justice, indicates, for she certainly has worked hard and deserves the prominence acquired.

In conversation the comedienne is forceful and dominant, has a keen analytical sense of values, and expresses determination toward her part in the uplifting of a profession and art to which she is devoting her life. Punctuating her remarks with well-tapered, beautiful fingers, Miss Leedom, when interviewed in her dressing room at the Follies, said, "I wish you would say for me that I am not married, and *I am not going to be married* until I reach the ultimate goal I started for." And with one of her most bewitching smiles, "the papers are always trying to marry me off to somebody—every day or so I am engaged to someone else. Just say that I am wedded to my art and that when I achieve the position I desire, there will be time enough to think of love—'brotherly' or the other kind."

We could not resist complimenting Miss Leedom on her appearance. "Ssh!" she said, laughing with merriment, "I'm getting too stout in spots (we did not notice the spots). I certainly was thin, though I only weighed ninety-two pounds when I was with Coral," but volunteered no information as to the present influence on the Fairbanks—and we didn't ask. It wouldn't have been matey. "You used to get laughs on your shape," said we; "yes, but I get better laughs by making wise cracks now," flashed she. And believe us she does.

"Come again some time," said Edna, and we shall. It was not only a privilege but a pleasure from a comedienne whose name "Edna" means "Pleasure," but who has given countless thousands pleasure, and who will continue, as a star, to give pleasure to many other thousands fortunate enough to see her.

Beth Merrill

A Study in Gold-Digging

By JESSIE NILES BURNES

LATE afternoon with a thunderstorm blowing up, and within, a large living room with all the comforts of an ideal home and a pervading atmosphere of restfulness; these formed a fit setting for an interview with Beth Merrill, star player in *Ladies of the Evening*, a one-year-old David Belasco success, then just re-opening after a short summer vacation.

A fit setting because the lady herself is a bit of a whirlwind, with inwardly a vast ambition, well controlled, and backed by the patience necessary to realize it: turmoil and tranquillity, so to speak.

The predominant note in the color scheme with which she has surrounded herself is a sort of dull gold, quite in harmony with its presiding genius, and the golden gown she wore, for her hair is tawny, her heavy brows and lashes are straw-colored, her eyes a green-grey, or blue-blue, according to the mood that moves her at the moment. When her subject interests her—and her contacts with life seem many and varied—her speech is very rapid, her voice beautifully pitched and her descriptive powers vivid; it is easy and joyful to follow her story. "Torrential talk" was a phrase I thought of as she sketched her experiences, and inasmuch as the part she plays and which has won for her the designation of "the beautiful blonde vamp" is that of a street-walker, you may be intrigued as I was at her revelation.

"You've been having a great rest?" she was asked, by way of beginning; and "Well, yes and no; a quiet time, studying; one must study, you know," she answered.

"I'm the poorest sort of subject for an interview," she continued, "If I tell the truth, nobody will believe the story, for you see, everything that could happen to an ambitious, struggling young actress happened to me—stock company, stranded far from home, nothing I could pawn, for my folks would not allow me to own a diamond; unwilling to wire for railroad fare, because it seemed to me it would be a confession of failure; and really, I didn't mind so much. I kept thinking 'won't this be a nice story to tell, by-and-by, after I become a great actress.' Not that I'm great yet—just growing—but even to have arrived where I now am seems like a fairy story; it really does.

"I always intended to be a player, you know. I never was *stage struck*, but even in school-days, although I never said so very much about it, I meant to be an actress, so all the experiences I had just led toward that goal.

"Lost luggage, all that kind of thing—if you write things like that, which have been told so many times about so many players—and quite truly, I suppose—people will just think a press agent made it up, so what to tell you, I don't know."

"Tell about your part in the play—it is unusual—and how you secured it," was suggested.

"Well, about my meeting Mr. Belasco, that was thrilling, to me. I was under contract to Mr. Harris, a very good contract, I thought, and when they sent for me to call at Mr. Belasco's office I kept telling myself not to worry.

"I think one can always do better if one feels that all the work she does is *for* somebody. I'm very fond of my nephews, and while I waited for Mr. Belasco I took off my glove: I said to myself 'Well, if I don't win I shall at least be able to tell Tom and John in after years that their auntie once shook hands with David Belasco.

"Presently he came in and—well, they finally decided I could do it, and the very next day the man who wrote it came to my home and read the play to me.

"And thereupon I became identified with *Kay Beatty*.

"That is the part I was to play. She is a street-walker, you

know. She had never had a chance to be much else, but as I saw the character it seemed to me there must have been a flame within, something that made her different or she would not have gone on, to find herself, as she did. You know she is a waitress in the last act, fighting life, or fate, alone.

"So then I began to walk the streets, studying the type. Do you know where? Fifth Avenue, and Sixth Avenue near the tube station. The same type, in both localities, but on Fifth Avenue they are usually alone, and on Sixth usually there are two together; I don't know why it should be so, but it is.

"The first one of the type that I noticed, on Fifth Avenue in the 50's, I followed down to 34th Street, and I saw her accost six men—not speaking, just by some gesture. She had on a large hat, and she fingered the brim, see, like this—"

At this point Miss Merrill stood (*Continued on page 48*)



Beth Merrill

Interpretive

ONE can reap a harvest of joy and interest if one only understands the sense of ambition of interpretation in this world of dance. Nor is it selfish with the other worlds of occupation, for it pours out its heart to all. Occasionally we hear and see the title of this article horribly misused by calling it bare-foot dancing, nature dancing or Greek dancing. The latter is the only one of these that even shades into the right one, which is interpretive dancing. Does bare-foot dancing designate any particular kind of a dance only that it is done in bare feet? Does nature dancing mean anything more than the fact that it is something about nature? Do we understand just why or what? Is Greek dancing the national dance of modern Greece? These questions may sound ridiculous to some who know what the terms actually mean, and after study only have they found out, but to those of you who do not know and have been bored and cheated by misrepresentation, I shall place before you what experience has told me.

Interpretive dancing explains all queries in this way. It is sometimes done barefooted, it interprets often the mythical legends of nature, and the Greeks were pastmasters in this type of dance. Some of us will say, "I thought all dancing was interpretive." So it is, but the first steps were taken to interpret alone, while the dances that followed were dances of technique which in later years did look back and profit by the experience of its respected older parent. This page might interest us with its life story, so let's be near in our hearts to appreciate, even though it, too, possesses that invincible gipsy spirit and would have us roam through its career of much success and many centuries.

Interpretation was so young when its work started that its memory is beclouded with vague figures in savage dances, but does recall, and happily, its escape to Egypt, from which point it was a pleasant recollection. Egypt realized the value of this newcomer and was not only interested from the artistic side but from the religious soul it possessed. Here our comparison received necessary encouragement for its brilliant start



Photos by Muray

Dancing

By DORIS NILES

on a long, successful journey. The religion of these people inspired tremendous dance pageants in which priestesses danced the great story of the sky so sacred to the Egyptians. Of old, this eastern domain was powerful and influential, so its interest attracted another powerful and artistic people, the Grecians.

Again it was heralded with success and far greater enthusiasm was felt for it, expressed in manifold dances created by its inspiring element of imagination. The reason for their great love of it was due to the mythical and imaginative minds of the Greek; the source of these was found in their religious beliefs. A wealth of beauty, drama and music was showered

on the efforts of interpretation, which still bears them in honor of the homage received from this art-loving race. Gods and goddesses may well be pleased with the extravaganzas in which their worship was danced to heights beyond our imagination and the spark which started this great blaze was no less than this atom of unselfishness that wished and did express its light to the world. Each dance had its own note of distinction according to the pleasure of the deity honored.

The military thought was danced with great discipline after rigid training in all the authentic moves of battle. The javelin was an asset of beauty and line in this work, based on the bravery of Theuses. It thrilled all who performed, to say nothing of the standers-by when it reached its fiery climax of victory.

A procession is wending its way into this wooded place where Diana's altar stands. They are maidens robed in purple, the honored color of this goddess, who is the ideal of the Grecian girls. She denotes strength for the hunt, so beloved by these young worshippers that dance to her, with their huge garlands of laurel and complete their ritual by twining them around her marble, but life-like, statue. They have passed from view with the hope for a successful chase on the morrow, due to their sincerity to their idolized deity.

The amphitheatre presents the adventures of





Apollo and they are most fascinating, for the director is no less than this rising young expression which is guiding us through its life from the less elaborate to these luxurious productions. Apollo's pursuit of Daphne holds a store of delight, even though it does end in the tragic remorse of Apollo as Daphne is transformed into a tree at his touch. Apollo was inspiration for this seeker of knowledge and fame and gave interpretation abundant material for presentation because of his capricious nature.

It is nighttime and the glorious sky of lapis lazuli is inlaid with brilliants beyond compare, but tonight the Greeks have only one from this horde of treasure and it alone is the prize gem. Jupiter is the favored and he is worshiped as any god planet might envy in the still of night, at which time all devoted eyes are cast on him. Their blazing torches in this slow ceremonial dance enhance the majestic reign of this god, powerful and impressive. The course of this planet with its subjects of the sky is danced with utmost authenticity by these devotees of the greatness overhead. Is it the perfect staging and artistry of this race in their religion that has made many a dancer, singer, musician and poet appreciate to a greater extent the tremendous blue jewel which hangs above us?

Hercules! we honor your strength as did the Greeks, though theirs was a finer and more artistic contest than we witness today. But we do pay homage to that great God of Power.

For beauty's sake we will always remember the divine Goddess Venus, for it is this most famous of the famed who has given to our art its greatest asset, beauty, for she inspires all that is beautiful. Adonis may also uphold his glory here, for he holds an equally admirable place to those who appreciate the manly perfection of this god. For these two

were danced the most sumptuous celebration in which beauty was the high priestess and her power had no limit in her application to dance, costume and person.

Clear the path! From the apparent sound we are about to be overtaken by a hilarious group of youths and maidens; they have just come into view and their manners are exotic beyond description. Their costumes are designed for color alone and the style matters not as long as they are free to revel in this wild frenzy. Our curiosity is satisfied after a piercing cry to Bacchus is shouted by these hundred voices while all these staffs of grapevine, the grapes of which are carpeting the street, are glorifying this mischievous God of Pleasure. Strains of weird melodies are surely in keeping with this fiendish revelry. For it too leaps and dashes from one theme to another, each succeeding the former with an increased spirit and speed until these children of pleasure are beyond our sight. Bacchus, you cultivate a gayety that thrills with ecstasy the hearts of those who believe in you but guard their indulgence, great lover of the vine.

Interpretation has by this time spent a long and enjoyable existence and has become restless and answers the call of Rome. Sorrow weighs on its shoulders; it has been degraded to only the common comedy of pleasure and all religious significance has left it. The finer citizens recognize no artistic element and have pronounced dancing a "fool's occupation." For many long years our true-hearted traveler was left broken-hearted and deserted by the roadside of art because of its misuse. But rejoice, for it has been rescued by all who spent heart and soul interest in its welfare. (Continued on page 43)



THEY TELL US—STAGE

RUTH CHATTERTON returns to Broadway in *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, which is a comedy by Ashley Dukes. Robert Loraine has the leading male rôle.

Edgar Selwyn will present the musical version of "Quarantine." It will be known as "Oh Dinah." George Gershwin is writing the music and his brother Ira Gershwin is at work on the lyrics.

Glen Hunter has returned to Broadway in a play by John Van Druten, known as "Young Woodley." Helen Gahagan has the leading woman's part.

The Equity Annual Ball will be held at Hotel Astor on Saturday evening, November 14th. The entertainment will be staged by Hassard Short.

James Reynold, scenic artist and costume designer, has signed a long term contract with Charles Dillingham as art director for Dillingham Productions.

Renie Rano, eccentric dancer, will be in the *Greenwich Village Follies*, which Hassard Short is directing.

Ina Claire is to be starred in *The Last of Mrs. Chesney*. It is a Charles Dillingham production.

Edward Miller has engaged Willard Mack to stage Charles Bamfield Hoyt's comedy, *Move On*.

Olga Petrova is a real success at the Hippodrome. We hope to see Petrova return to the drama later in the season.

David Belasco will produce the Abdullah play, *Salvage*. Genevieve Tobin will be featured.

Channing Pollock's play, *The Enemy*, opened at Times Square Theatre in New York on October 20th and ever since has played to a sold-out house, thus fulfilling the prophesies made at its out-of-town showing at New Haven in the early summer, that it is a stronger play than *The Fool*. Its success seems assured.

Marjorie Rambeau has returned to the New York stage, and her admirers are rejoicing over the warm reception accorded *Antonia*, a play by Melchoir Lengyel, the Hungarian playwright. This comedy affords Miss Rambeau ample opportunity to demonstrate her unusual ability and charm. Success is assured.

Arabesque is an unqualified success. It is an unusual play, having for its theme the love of an Arabian villager for the betrothed of the local sheik. Principal players are Sara

Sothorn, Curtis Cooksey, Bela Lugosi, Hortense Alden and Olive West. It is a Norman-Bel Geddes production.

A London dispatch conveys good news of the success there of *Rose Marie*, with Edith Day as the star. It has paid for production, wiped out a considerable loss the Drury Lane Theatre incurred through presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and at the end of its first three months is ready to pay a dividend.

Noel Coward, a young English playwright, not only has two plays on Broadway—*Hay Fever* and *The Vortex*—but is playing the lead in the latter. His performance is most artistic, finished and adequate.

Wm. Brady, Jr., is trying his hand again. This time with *Lucky Sam McCarver*, by Sidney Howard, which opened recently at the Playhouse.

Riviera, a new play by Ferenc Molnar, which Max Reinhardt is bringing out in Vienna, will be produced here later by the Charles Frohman Company.

Will Rogers is winning his way at every performance of the De Reszke Singers, the Charles Wagner concert company with which he is now touring the country. As demonstrating the value of popularity, his share of the receipts from a recent performance, it is said, amounted to more than \$2,200. The tour covers seventy-five concerts in seventy-five days in seventy-five cities.

Sylvia Field, after four or five trials with plays that failed to register, has now achieved a notable success as the featured player opposite Gregory Kelly in *The Butter and Egg Man*. Both give excellent performances.

Carl Reed, one of the younger producers, has scored again with a smashing musical hit, *Holka Polka*. Featured players are Orville Herrold and his daughter Patti.

Chester Hale has been made ballet master of the Capitol Theatre. He will be remembered for his dancing in many revues, and for the unusual beauty of the ballet numbers he arranged for *The Music Box Revue* the two seasons last past.

It is rumored that Leonora Ulric is soon to re-enroll under the Belasco banner, which will be good news to many of her admirers. Her outstanding successes have all been under Belasco's management.

Have you seen *The Cradle Snatchers*, Sam H. Harris's success of the season? Mary Boland heads an unusually strong cast of notable players. We prophesy a record run.

BRICE from BURLESQUE to BELASCO!

FIRED at twenty-three dollars, and hired for more than twenty-three hundred dollars by the same theatrical firm, may read like a Baron Munchausen, but that is just what happened to the girl who didn't know her right foot from her left, who sang so badly that George Cohan said, "Back to the kitchen," and who despite all set-backs, arose from the chorus of an ordinary burlesque show, to stellar prominence under the management of one of the greatest theatrical producers in the world.

The slip of a girl was painfully thin, could scarcely be designated a raving beauty, had absolutely no training or experience, did not come from a theatrical family and never sang in a church choir. Her only assets were a modicum of inherent ability, and a keen sense of humor plus a maximum of determination. However the name of New York City's own Fannie Brice was destined before long to blaze forth in electric diffusion along the Mecca of all Thespianic endeavor—The Great White Way.

To Begin at the Beginning

It was not a great while ago that Belasco's latest star decided to go upon the stage, and with that end in view, approached the firm of Cohan and Harris. Sam Harris gave Fannie a contract for twenty-three dollars without a hearing, and advised her to report at the Amsterdam Roof for rehearsal. The very first day Miss Brice insisted on holding the last notes, which brought forth from George Cohan, "Hey, don't hold those last notes so long," and when she started to dance, his famous request of retiring to the culinary department. Instead, Miss Brice retired to the dressing room and had a good cry, but was still not lacking in determination. Fired from "The Talk of New York," and soon to be the talk of New York—although Fannie didn't know it.

Too Thin For One Night Stands

"His Honor the Mayor" also proved it could worry, along without Miss Brice, and Fannie told her mother that they fired her because she was "too thin," which according to subsequent events, must have been "too thin" for even mother.

Hurtig and Seamon's Transatlantic Burlesquers, at eighteen dollars a week, was too much for Miss Brice, who could

just not make her feet behave. "They did let me sing, however, in the gallery and in the boxes," said Fannie. "In fact, they let me sing everywhere but on the stage! So I bought a pair of wooden shoes, paid stage hands a few dollars to teach me steps, and finally landed in the last row of the chorus. Graduating from the last row to the second, and then to the first, I became understudy for the sourette, but she was too strong and healthy to suit me.

"My chance came one evening though, for as I stood in the wings praying that something would happen, she tripped over the scenery, couldn't make her appearance, and I jumped on. I took eight encores on a song she had never put over to one, so Hurtig gave me the part and I continued for the balance of the season."

Signs for Specialties and Hasn't Any

"My next engagement was with Max Spiegel's 'The College Girls,' mused Fannie, "and I was supposed to do specialties. I had never done a specialty, but as Arverne was handy, I decided that was the place to be especially honored by my initial effort. Irving Berlin had

two songs popular at that time, 'Sadie Salome,' and 'Cherry Rag,' and when I asked Irving whether I should use a Jewish dialect, he thought it a good suggestion. In a sailor suit I put over the numbers at Arverne to such success that I was signed on a seven-year contract at a salary scaling from twenty-five to eighty-five dollars a week. As I was but seventeen years old, the contract didn't hold, and when Ziegfeld, who had seen me, offered a hundred, I took it. This was in 1910," continued Miss Brice, "and for fourteen years subsequently I played in the Follies with intermittent appearances in vaudeville—but not at the same salary."

Tragedy or Comedy—Which?

"Do you think comedy or tragedy the more difficult to portray," we asked, and for the first time during the interview Miss Brice momentarily paused to consider.

"A combination of both is good," said she. "Comedy is in reality serious, and tragedy easier to enact. The dramatic is the height of my ambition," (Continued on page 49)





HELEN HERMS, one of the featured players in "Kid Boots"

Mary Blair

of "Desire Under the Elms" speaks of Cabbages and Kings

By GISA PRUSHONE

A FIRST night at the theatre. The play, Brady's "The World We Live In." The rustle of an audience of theatrical connoisseurs. Eulogies passed from mouth to mouth anent many things. The lavishness of the production, the direction; the bizarre originality and courage of this Capek importation. And foremost in this tirade of fervor was repeated enthusiasm in praise of a voice. It spoke of life, its hopes and aspirations, and gave promise of its doom in death.

A further rustling of programs. The repeated discovery. "Mary Blair. Who is she? But it is exquisite."

Two years later, and the curtain gradually revealed a scene of drab greyness. A lonely New England farmhouse, submerged in an ocean of gloom. Realism rampant. A huddled figure over a baby's cot, and a scream that curdles the blood before it is stifled. The same voice that thrilled the audience two years before with its sweetness, its promise of life unfulfilled, has now matured. It speaks now of stark tragedy, and speaks with knowledge.

No rustling of programs this time. Mary Blair is the only feminine personality in Eugene O'Neill's latest epic of life—"Desire Under the Elms." No longer a voice, she is now one of the most discussed women on Broadway and its pastoral environs. As the mouth-piece of O'Neill's grim pleasantries, she has arrived.

The flutter of applause lingered and died away, and Miss Blair, dressed in the habiliments of 1850, came forward to greet us. She removed the old-fashioned brooch at her throat and settled into the deep chair.

"I feel like a relic in this costume," she smiled. Removed from the resounding qualities of the auditorium, she speaks softly, with a liquid smoothness that yet reveals a vestige of throatiness. "That last scene," she explained.

The rusty black of her voluminous gown faded into the gloom of the waiting-room. Only the pallor of her face remained, and her eyes that glowed like amber in the dark.

"I'm a-weary. I come to the theatre alive and vibrant, and when the curtain falls you find me like this." She smoothed a fold in her gown and creased it again. Smoothed and creased.

"It was very hard at the beginning. I have become a bit calloused now. You know to what I refer?"

I knew instinctively. No one could listen to the cry of agony as she bent over the little cradle in the upstairs bedroom, and not know, and remember forever.

"Matricide is very difficult," she cautioned. "Don't ever." And then, thoughtfully, "Playing Abbie is so great a strain. Always this suggestion of life, leashed. With Abbie straining — straining against it—Poor Abbie!"

"You would prefer playing in other than O'Neill dramas, Miss Blair?"

"No. oh, no!" hastily. "Why—oh, no, no! I love them. They are part of me. I have become associated with them—I—O'Neill is tremendous. You'll excuse me, but you see—"Dif'rent"—"All God's Chil-lun"—"The Hairy Ape"—I have played in all, and I have become seeped in the O'Neill philosophy. I understand him—I believe in him—I—he is marvelous!"

"You believe as he does—concerning the futility of life?"

"Oh no, my dear, no. You misunderstand the man. Everybody does, I think. He does not seek to deter you. It is not his notion to stand with hand raised and lowering brow as an obstacle in your path, warning you to return. Rather—he—he invites and warns and then tells you to go ahead and win despite the fearsome results

which he conjures up. He shows us life as it really is, so that we can understand and reach further despite the brutalities. It is stupid, stupid seeing existence in terms of a rosy glow, for if you admit no evil where evil does exist, how—how can we go on?"

O'Neill's most ardent disciple, Mary Blair.

"Yes, I have met him, and how utterly foreign he is to one's preconceived notions of the man. Because his plays are drenched with realism and good healthy masculine oaths the public thinks of him as a literary Wolheim. There never was a greater misconception. He is retiring and diffident and shy—shy almost to the point of bashfulness. And it isn't a pose, either. There is nothing of pose within the man. He is sincerity incarnate. Simply (Continued on page 48).



Mary Blair



Sunny

An Afternoon With Sunny

MARILYN MILLER has set a new fashion—happiness. She is the personification of joy throughout the play—*Sunny*—in which she is now appearing at the New Amsterdam.

It is difficult for a reviewer just escaped from the spell of it to write of it in prosaic phrasing. From start to finish gleaming glory is utilized as setting for mirthful, mischievous and merry performances, with just enough of a thread of plot to give it continuity. I dare anybody, after giving his youngsters a treat at a matinee, to get from them a review of it that does not begin with the gorgeous, colorful scenes, the circus atmosphere, and the tunefulness of it all. That's how we feel about it, and if anybody reads these lines who would be glad to renew his youth, *Sunny* will surely meet his needs.

It is quite all right as entertainment for the youngsters. Here and there a phrase is suggestive, but none of it is shocking; not a thing in it the play jury could find fault with. *Sunny*, it is, in spirit and in truth, throughout, as friends and followers of Charles Dillingham, who presents it, will attest. Hassard Short, in staging it, has surpassed all his previous offerings. The dances are arranged by Julian Mitchell and Dave Bennett. Music is by Jerome Kerne; book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, II.

It seems a pity to take it apart and analyze it, every detail in each picture is so perfect. Of course that's the way modern magic is managed, but that makes it all no less marvelous. The circus scene, with



The Bride and Bridesmaids

its bally-hoo, its parade of freaks, its students out for a lark: the scene on ship-board, with the rolling Atlantic seeming somehow to speed up the action: the wedding scene: the gymnasium conservatory setting for a happy divorce: the splendor of the sunshine scene wreathed with acacia trees—or maybe it is mimosa: the field of poppies where the plot to trap reluctant love is laid: and the colorful hunt ball: these must all be seen or you can't believe in their reality.

Marilyn Miller is the star, and Jack Donahue most effectively supports her; no manner of doubt about that; but every member of the cast is so gifted and so well rehearsed that it is easy to believe each might, and many will presently, receive stellar recognition. Some of them have, already. Joseph Cawthorn, probably the eldest player among them, contributes much to the gaiety of nations by his performance, particularly when as a stow-away he plays the rebel with a mop. He seems in every way an altogether satisfactory parent to Marilyn, getting in the last word whenever he can; and his bits of dancing indicate that his stage daughter "takes after him."

To begin at the beginning, as should have been done sooner but for the spell *Sunny* has wrought upon us, Marilyn rides into the picture on a milk-white steed that supplies the best possible "backing" for the fluffy pink costume of this darling of the saw-dust. Who says dancers can't sing? They are all wrong. Miss Miller sings as her opening number "Do You Love Me" and makes everybody love her.

A few disturbing moments followed dad's walking away with all her clothes, as a disciplinary measure. It did seem that there was nothing to save her from a tub suit, adapted from paraphernaliac at hand; but fortunately there was a Pierrot costume available, and vastly becoming, so we breathed one thankful (Continued on page 42)



Do You Love Me?



The Wonder-workers in Sunny

❖❖❖ *ARTISTS of the SCREEN—BULLETIN* ❖❖❖

<i>Name</i>	<i>Picture & Co.</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Picture & Co.</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Picture & Co.</i>
Adoree, Renee	Exchange of Wives (MGM)	Devore, Dorothy	The Gilded Highway (WB)	Jewell, Betty	Blue Beard's Wife (FN)
Acker, Jean	Braveheart (CDMP)	De La Motte, M.	Fifth Avenue (CDMP)	Joy, Leatrice	Made for Love (CDMP)
Alden, Mary	Plastic Age (BPSP)	Desmond, Wm.	Strings of Steel (U)	Joyce, Alice	Mannequin (FP-L)
Ames, Robert	Three Faces East (CDMP)	Dix, Richard	Womanhandled (FP-L)	Keane, Raymond	The Midnight Sun (U)
Apling, Bert	Overland Trail (U)	Dove, Billie	Black Pirate (UA)	Kent, Larry	The Adventures of Mazie (FBO)
Arbuckle, Macklyn	The Gilded Highway (WB)	Earle, Edward	Barriers of Flame (FN)	Kenyon, Doris	Men of Steel (FN)
Banky, Vilma	The Eagle (UA)	Edeson, Robert	Braveheart (CDMP)	Kennedy, Tom	Best Bad Man (Fox)
Barber, Newton	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)	Enstedt, Howard	Radio Detective (U)	King, Judy	Best Bad Man (Fox)
Barrie, Nigel	Steel Preferred (CDMP)	Errol, Leon	The Lunatic at Large (FN)	Littlefield, Lucien	Tumbleweed (UA)
Barrymore, John	The Sea Beast (WB)	Fairbanks, Douglas	Black Pirate (UA)	La Marr, Barbara	Spanish Sunlight (FN)
Barthelmess, R.	Just Suppose (FN)	Farnum, Dustin	Hearts of the West (U)	Lanphier, Fay	The American Venus (FP-L)
Baxter, Warner	Mannequin (FP-L)	Fawcett, George	Hearts of the West (U)	La Plant, Laura	Midnight Sun (U)
Bedford, Barbara	Tumbleweeds (UA)	Fazenda, Louise	Compromise (WB)	La Rocque, Rod	Braveheart (CDMP)
Beal, Frank	Best Bad Man (Fox)	Ford, Harrison	The Song and Dance Man (FP-L)	LaVerne, Lucile	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)
Blue, Monty	Hogan's Alley (WB)	Fellowes, Rockliffe	Rocking Moon (CDMP)	Leighton, Lillian	Tumbleweed (UA)
Bond, Brenda	Rainbow Riley (FN)	Forrest, Allan	Fifth Avenue (CDMP)	Lince, John	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)
Bosworth, Hobart	Steel Preferred (CDMP)	Frazer, Robert	The Splendid Road (FN)	Lincoln, Elmo	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)
Bow, Clara	Best Bad Man (Fox)	Frazer, Robert	Other Woman's Story (BPSP)	Long, Walter	Steel Preferred (CDMP)
Bowers, John	Rocking Moon (CDMP)	Garon, Pauline	Splendid Road (FN)	Louis, Willard	Hogan's Alley (WB)
Boyd, William	Steel Preferred (CDMP)	Gibson, Hoot	Hearts of the West (U)	Love, Bessie	The Song and Dance Man (FP-L)
Brand, Max	Best Bad Man (Fox)	Gordon, Vera	Two Blocks Away (U)	Love, Montagu	Ancient Highway (FPL)
Brook, Clive	Three Faces East (CDMP)	Goudal, Jetta	Three Faces East (CDMP)	Loy, Myrna	The Gilded Highway (WB)
Brook, Clive	Compromise (WB)	Grassby, Bertram	Made for Love (CDMP)	Lyon, Ben	Blue Beard's Wife (FN)
Burns, Edmund	Made for Love (CDMP)	Gray, Gilda	Aloma of the South Seas (FP-L)	MacGregor, M.	Caesar's Wife (FN)
Calhoun, Alice	Other Woman's Story (BPSP)	Gray, Lawrence	The American Venus (FP-L)	Mackaill, Dorothy	The Lunatic at Large (FN)
Carroll, William	The Fighting Edge (WB)	Gregory, Ena	Overland Trail (U)	MacLean, Douglas	Seven Keys to Baldpate (FP-L)
Collins, Monte	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)	Griffith, Corinne	Caesar's Wife (FN)	Marcus, Jim	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)
Colman, Ronald	Kiki (FN)	Griffith, Raymond	Hands Up (FP-L)	Marmont, Percy	Aloma of the South Seas (FP-L)
Compson, Betty	Pony Express (FPL)	Hatlan, Kenneth	The Fighting Edge (WB)	McKenna, Kenneth	The American Venus (FPL)
Cooke, Al	The Adventures of Mazie (FBO)	Harron, John	The Gilded Highway (WB)	McLean, Douglas	Seven Keys to Baldpate (FPL)
Cornwall, Ann	On the Frontier (U)	Hart, Wm. S.	Tumbleweed (UA)	Meighan, Thomas	Irish Luck (FP-L)
Cornwall, Ann	Hearts of the West (U)	Hatton, Raymond	Lord Jim (FPL)	Menjou, Adolph	King on Main Street (FPL)
Cortez, Ricardo	Martinique (FPL)	Hiakawa, Sessue	Aloma of the South Seas (FPL)	Meredith, Joan	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)
Costello, Dolores	Mannequin (FP-L)	Hines, Johnny	Rainbow Riley (FN)	Metcalf, Earl	The Midnight Sun (U)
Costello, Dolores	The Sea Beast (WB)	Holt, Jack	The Enchanted Hill (FP-L)	Miller, Patsy Ruth	Hogan's Alley (WB)
Costello, Helene	The Love Toy (WB)	Holt, Jack	Ancient Highway (FPL)	Mix, Tom	The Yankee Senor (Fox)
Courtwright, Wm.	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)	Hoxie, Jack	Overland Trail (U)	Montague, Monte	Radio Detective (U)
Crane, Ward T.	Hearts of the West (U)	Hoyt, Arthur	The Midnight Sun (U)		
Daniels, Bebe	Magpie (FP-L)				
Dark, Michael	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)				
Daugherty, Jack	Radio Detective (U)				
Davis, Mildred	Two Soldiers (FPL)				
Denny, Reginald	What Happened to Jones (U)				

(Continued on page 47)

NOTE—The above chart gives plays and players actually in work at the time this November issue goes to press.

❖ [ARTISTS of the STAGE—BULLETIN] ❖

Name	Play	Name	Play	Name	Play
Abbott, George	<i>A Holy Terror</i>	Francis, Dorothy	<i>Sunny</i>	Lloyd, Gladys	<i>Applesauce</i>
Armstrong, Robt.	<i>Is Zat So?</i>	Frawley, Paul	<i>Sunny</i>	Loan, Leonard	<i>They Knew What They Wanted</i>
Ash, Gordon	<i>The Green Hat</i>	Fuller, Rosalind	<i>The Call of Life</i>	Loane, Mary	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>
Ash, Sam	<i>Rose-Marie</i>	Gardner, Helene	<i>Sunny</i>	Locke, Ralph	<i>American Born</i>
Baker, Edythe	<i>Big Boy</i>	Gillette, Ruth	<i>Gay Paree</i>	Loeb, Philip	<i>Garrick Gaieties</i>
Baker, Phil	<i>Artists and Models</i>	Gillmore, Margalo	<i>The Green Hat</i>	Loneragan, Lester	<i>Accused</i>
Barlow, Reginald	<i>Outside Looking In</i>	Gleason, James	<i>Is Zat So?</i>	Lord, Philip	<i>When You Smile</i>
Beecher, Janet	<i>The Kiss in a Taxi</i>	Gordon, Maude T.	<i>Big Boy</i>	Lucy, Arnold	<i>American Born</i>
Belmore, Daisy	<i>American Born</i>	Gordon, Ruth	<i>The Fall of Eve</i>	Lunt, Alfred	<i>Arms and the Man</i>
Bennett, Leila	<i>A Holy Terror</i>	Groody, Louise	<i>No, No, Nanette</i>	Mack, Willard	<i>Canary Dutch</i>
Beresford, Harry	<i>Stolen Fruit</i>	Guion, Raymond	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>	Mackeye, Dorothy	<i>Rose-Marie</i>
Boland, Mary	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>	Hackett, Raymond	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>	Macollum, Barry	<i>Outside Looking In</i>
Bradbury, Jas., Jr.	<i>White Collars</i>	Hackett, Ralph	<i>A Holy Terror</i>	MacQuarrie, Geo.	<i>Canary Dutch</i>
Brady, Alice	<i>Oh! Mama!</i>	Hall, Dorothy	<i>White Collars</i>	Maddern, Merle	<i>The Enchanted April</i>
Braithwaite, Lilian	<i>The Vortex</i>	Halliday, Hildeg'de	<i>Garrick Gaieties</i>	Maley, Denman	<i>Butter and Egg Man</i>
Brennan, Jay	<i>Artists and Models</i>	Harding, Ann	<i>Stolen Fruit</i>	Marcil, Isidore	<i>The Little Poor Man</i>
Brown, Joe E.	<i>Captain Jinks</i>	Harris, Winifred	<i>The Tale of the Wolf</i>	Marston, John	<i>White Collars</i>
Brown, Louise	<i>Captain Jinks</i>	Hay, Mary	<i>Sunny</i>	Martan, Nita	<i>When You Smile</i>
Carillo, Leo	<i>They Knew What They Wanted</i>	Healy, Betty	<i>Earl Carroll Vanities</i>	Mason, Martha	<i>The Student Prince</i>
Carroll, Jane	<i>The Vagabond King</i>	Helton, Percy	<i>The Poor Nut</i>	Mason, Reginald	<i>The Fall of Eve</i>
Cawthorn, Joseph	<i>Sunny</i>	Hohl, Arthur	<i>White Cargo</i>	Mather, Denzil	<i>Courting</i>
Chambers, Marie	<i>Is Zat So?</i>	Holden, William	<i>Applesauce</i>	McConnell, Lulu	<i>Artists and Models</i>
Cliffe, H. Cooper	<i>American Born</i>	Hollis, Alan	<i>The Vortex</i>	McCormack, Frank	<i>The Gorilla</i>
Cohan, George M.	<i>American Born</i>	Holloway, Sterling	<i>Garrick Gaieties</i>	McCutcheon, W.	<i>Earl Carroll Vanities</i>
Cordoba, Pedro de	<i>Arms and the Man</i>	Howard, Esther	<i>Sunny</i>	McKenna, Kenneth	<i>Oh! Mama!</i>
Cornell, Katherine	<i>The Green Hat</i>	Howard, Leslie	<i>The Green Hat</i>	Mack, Andrew	<i>Abie's Irish Rose</i>
Corthell, Herbert	<i>The Vagabond King</i>	Hughes, Ray	<i>Earl Carroll Vanities</i>	Marsh, Howard	<i>The Student Prince</i>
Coward, Noel	<i>The Vortex</i>	Hull, Arthur S.	<i>The Jazz Singer</i>	Marvenga, Ilse	<i>The Student Prince</i>
Crews, Laura H.	<i>Hay Fever</i>	Humphreys, Cecil	<i>The Pelican</i>	Maude, Beatrice	<i>The Buccaneer</i>
Crommette, Jessie	<i>Applesauce</i>	Huston, Walter	<i>Desire Under the Elms</i>	Maude, Cyril	<i>These Charming People</i>
Cross, Wellington	<i>No, No, Nanette</i>	Ivins, Perry	<i>Desire Under the Elms</i>	Meegan, Thomas	<i>Canary Dutch</i>
Crume, Camilla	<i>Jane—Our Stranger</i>	Jari, M. de	<i>Earl Carroll Vanities</i>	Meehan, Eileen	<i>June Days</i>
Dale, Margaret	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>	Jessel, George	<i>The Jazz Singer</i>	Merling, Howard	<i>Desire Under the Elms</i>
Daly, Blyth	<i>Outside Looking In</i>	John, Alice	<i>The Call of Life</i>	Miller, Marilyn	<i>Sunny</i>
Davis, Ann	<i>Accused</i>	Jolson, Al	<i>Big Boy</i>	Milner, John	<i>Canary Dutch</i>
Dawn, Eleanor	<i>No, No, Nanette</i>	Joyce, Carol	<i>When You Smile</i>	Moore, Neil	<i>Rose-Marie</i>
Dinehart, Allan	<i>Applesauce</i>	Kelly, Gregory	<i>Butter and Egg Man</i>	Moreland, Marg.	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>
Donahue, Jack	<i>Sunny</i>	Kemper, Doris	<i>The Fall of Eve</i>	Morrissey, Harry	<i>George White's Scandals</i>
Dooley, Gordon	<i>George White's Scandals</i>	Kenmore, Octavia	<i>Accused</i>	Morrison, Florence	<i>The Student Prince</i>
Doucet, Catherine	<i>Louie the 14th</i>	Kent, William	<i>Rose-Marie</i>	Muir, Gavin	<i>Hay Fever</i>
Duncan, John	<i>Courting</i>	Kerr, Molly	<i>The Vortex</i>	Murray, J. Harold	<i>Captain Jinks</i>
Dunn, J. Malcolm	<i>White Cargo</i>	Kilian, Victor	<i>Desire Under the Elms</i>	Nichols, Evelyn	<i>Abie's Irish Rose</i>
Eddinger, Wallace	<i>The Tale of the Wolf</i>	King, Claude	<i>The Fall of Eve</i>	Nugent, Elliott	<i>The Poor Nut</i>
Edwards, Cliff	<i>Sunny</i>	King, Dennis	<i>The Vagabond King</i>	Nugent, Ruth	<i>The Family Upstairs</i>
Elliott, Beth	<i>Gay Paree</i>	Kirkwood, James	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	O'Brien, Geraldine	<i>The Tale of the Wolf</i>
Errol, Leon	<i>Louie the 14th</i>	Kleeman, Paul	<i>The Student Prince</i>	Oliver, Edna May	<i>Cradle Snatchers</i>
Fagan, Barney	<i>The Jazz Singer</i>	Kohlmar, Lee	<i>June Days</i>	O'Ramey, Georgia	<i>No, No, Nanette</i>
Farnum, William	<i>The Buccaneer</i>	Kramer, Ida	<i>Abie's Irish Rose</i>	Owen, Catherine	<i>Canary Dutch</i>
Field, Sylvia	<i>Butter and Egg Man</i>	Kramer, Wright	<i>The Poor Nut</i>	Patricola, Tom	<i>George White's Scandals</i>
Figman, Max	<i>The Vagabond King</i>	Krembs, Felix	<i>Stolen Fruit</i>	Patston, Doris	<i>Louie the 14th</i>
Fleming, Alice	<i>The Pelican</i>	Lambert, Frank	<i>Dearest Enemy</i>	Pattison, Diantha	<i>The Fall of Eve</i>
Florence, Mildred	<i>Oh! Mama!</i>	Lang, Howard	<i>The Jazz Singer</i>	Peters, Brandon	<i>The Buccaneer</i>
Folsom, Bobby	<i>Earl Carroll Vanities</i>	Larrimore, Stella	<i>Arms and the Man</i>	Peters, Rollo	<i>Stolen Fruit</i>
Fontanne, Lynn	<i>Arms and the Man</i>	Law, Evelyn	<i>Louie the 14th</i>	Peterson, Marjorie	<i>Earl Carroll Vanities</i>
Ford, Helen	<i>Dearest Enemy</i>	Lawrence, Margaret	<i>The Pelican</i>	Phillips, N., Jr.	<i>George White's Scandals</i>
Foster, Phoebe	<i>The Jazz Singer</i>	Lee, Lila	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>		
Fox, Harry	<i>George White's Scandals</i>	Le Galliene, Eva	<i>The Call of Life</i>		
		LeMaire, George	<i>Gay Paree</i>		
		Lewis, Tom	<i>Louie the 14th</i>		
		Lightner, Winnie	<i>Gay Paree</i>		

(Continued on page 47)

Information regarding players, their present activities, whereabouts, or other information will be furnished gladly to our readers on inquiry.



MARION COURTNEY, with George White's "Scandals"

The Curbstone Philosopher

WHEN one considers the magnitude of the theatrical business in America, it scarcely seems possible that nine-tenths of the commercial side is transacted in comparatively a few blocks—The Times Square section of Broadway. Nevertheless it is a fact that within this limited area, the destinies of many hundreds of Thespians are controlled, and many millions of dollars invested in theatres, plays and motion pictures.

Roaming the Rialto in over a score of years past, conditions have not greatly changed. There are new buildings, new shows, new offices, new names, it is true; but essentially the same general trend obtains and a similar routine is daily enacted, the only noticeable difference being that the locale has shifted from Fourteenth street, through Thirty-eighth street, to Times Square, where it is likely to remain for many years to come.

We find the same daily rounds of the agents' and managers' offices, just as many artists out of work, and approximately just as many working. There is ever the same hue and cry, "this is the worst season we have ever had," "I told him it would cost him five more," "I've just signed for forty weeks," "I've got the contract in my pocket."

In the years gone by, actors out of work were wont to stand around the corners of Union Square bemoaning the fact that "real" talent was not wanted—now they stand around Times Square, the Lambs' Club, the N. V. A. and the Putnam building. These curbstone philosophers can tell you all about the show business, when E. F. Albee was with a circus, F. F. Proctor was an acrobat, and when Gus Sun juggled clubs. They know everybody's salary, always "knocked 'em off the seats" in Cohoes, "wish they were in God's country," or emphasize "show business ain't what it used to be."

We find the same line of "willing to be's," "has beens," and "never wassers." They all called Frohman, "Charlie," Belasco, "Dave," and Ringling, "Al." Most of them "knew Georgie Cohan when he was a boy—and now he won't even give me a job, "Ziggy" when he married Anna Held," or were "with the original Floradora Sextette."

In the floatsam and jetsam of the daily traffic of the passing show, we find the disappointments, the near-greats, the saps, wrecks, and the unfortunates. They can all give you good advice,—you can give them all, a little help.

We also find the same percentage of successful Thespians, the we-had-a-good-season-this-year optimists, the money-to-day-and-broke-tomorrow improvidents, "I would be starred if I only had the play" actors, and "I have the play if I could only find the star" authors.

Managers Have Advanced—Have the Actors?

With it all, the managers have gone ahead while the majority of the actors have been standing still. There are bigger and better theatres today, circuits are larger and more consecutive, plays have longer Broadway runs, and conditions FOR the actor have improved, while exhibitions BY the actor, have not kept apace with the times. With few exceptions where do we find innovations? How many real novelties have been

presented in the last, let us say, ten years, with the exception of foreign importations secured by representatives abroad? Just what is new, or vitally different?

It is true that in the theatre we have better scenery, improved lighting, in the circus greater magnitude and more scope, and in the musical comedy or revue, more nudity. It is also true motion pictures have progressed together with the passing of the melodrama, the stock companies and the "rep" shows; but on the whole, from the actor's standpoint, what has he as an individual, or the ensemble as a class, produced that is commensurate with the strides put forth and materialized by the other half of "their" business?

Is Lack of Initiative Responsible?

"Lack of Initiative" is high sounding when sheer laziness, might come nearer to hitting the mark. We find Curbstone Philosophy instead of Educational Application, Conceit supplanting Analysis, Procrastination in the place of Practice.

Count the actors one may find in any Public Library, and the time occupied in so doing, will prove decidedly negligible—attempt to enumerate the Curbstone Philosophers, and you would require a Burroughs Adding Machine. "Listen in" on the conversation—"Shop," continually, collectively and consistently. We hear "shop" at the curbstone, "shop" in the restaurants and "shop" in the shops. And by no stretch of the imagination could the "shop" talk be designated as constructive.

Various clubs and organizations have been formed from time to time, but these have been largely of the social, or "protest" order, and although the majority have incorporated in their "Regulations and By Laws," "For the Good of the Order," nevertheless there has been little accomplished in the way of good and welfare for the class as a WHOLE, other than an improvement of working conditions or salary. The Actors Equity certainly has made wonderful strides in many ways regarding contracts, salaries and other vital benefits, but have the actors as a class ever inaugurated any intellectual campaign, any definite concerted action for improvement in their art, any meetings to promote efficiency, to instill by lending a helpful hand to their younger or less experienced brothers, a better love, a more clear understanding and a superior technic? Do the actors when they are not at rehearsals or working, strive to improve themselves individually or collectively, or do they philosophize at the curbstone?

Is Not Preparation the Most Valuable Asset?

"In times of peace prepare for war," is a much quoted phrase, but invaluable in any line of endeavor to those who wish to forge ahead. PREPARE—fit yourself for not only the task in hand, but look well into the future. Had Lincoln not prepared himself, under the most adverse conditions imaginable for study, these United States would certainly not have acquired the Goal of Progressiveness, now enjoyed. We should have been at least a hundred years behind the present times—and "Abe" would never have been president.

(Continued on page 42)

The Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man

By M. DEJARI, *Europe's Best Dressed Man*

FASHION hints from the best-dressed man in all Europe should prove of interest to our male readers. And that is what we are prepared to give in this article.

This title is not claimed, but has been awarded many times to Muke DeJari, the Servian singer, now gracing the Earl Carroll Vanities. M. DeJari was so termed in Paris and London, which is sufficient, but in addition he was heralded in several other continental capitals, not only as the handsomest man on the stage, but the best dressed.

As for the male looks, we will let the pictures speak for themselves. It is the interesting phase of dress upon which we choose to dwell. As the war recedes farther and farther below the horizon more attention is given to the matter of personal appearance. It was the insignia of patriotism, during the war, to waste no time or money on clothes.

Mr. DeJari asserts that it is not necessary to have any certain number of suits, any quantity of ties, shirts, shoes and foibles to dress well. He claims that good dressing can be attained with good taste; that it is a natural result of breeding and cannot be inculcated in a man's makeup by instruction any more than Prohibition can be enforced before it is a popular wish of the people. But there are certain rules that a man of breeding will unconsciously violate unless he has been reared in the most ultra circles.

To begin at the bottom—*shoes*. It is extremely bad taste to wear patent leather shoes at any other time than with full dress or a dinner coat. Even with a dinner coat, patent leather is not quite extreme fashion. If the pocketbook will permit, the correct thing is kangaroo leather, soft and dull, at \$25 to \$35 the pair. Then come socks. Silk for these articles has passed into the discard among the aristocrats of Europe. Any one can afford silk socks at the prices now prevailing. It is the soft, clinging fine cotton socks that start upward from \$2.25 (on the other side) that are now affected by the nobility and the gentry. Returning to shoes



it is a mark of ignorance to wear brand new shoes in the forenoon. Shoes that have been worn four or five years, and take a high polish, are the ones to wear with the sport or lounging suits affected in the morning. Black shoes are correct in the afternoon, but, as stated, not patent leather. That has been thrown into the discard forever, apparently.

Passing over, for the moment, coats and pants, we stop at shirts. The last word in shirts is stiffness in the evening. The soft-front shirt is as bad form now as wearing tan shoes with full dress. Pure whiteness and stiffness even with the dinner coat is the correct thing, according to Mr. DeJari, in the evening. In the morning, colored shirts, or striped ones are acceptable with sports or

lounge suits. In the afternoon pure white should be affected, with possibly a turnover collar, or a batwing collar, as may be desired. In the evening, completing the collar idea, it is imperative to wear a batwing with dinner coat (or a high collar) and a straight high collar with full dress. In the afternoons dark clothes should be affected, strictly, not necessarily the swallowtail, but dark ones, even if double-breasted.

In the matter of ties the greatest care should be exercised. It is better to have one good stylish tie than a dozen ordinary ones, to be well dressed. The man of refinement can tell instantly whether the tie is in good taste and of good material, and catalogues the wearer instantly from this indication. Conservative colors should be adhered to, for flashy colors are left entirely for the careless, shallow-brained braggarts, in the estimation of a good dresser or a man of taste and refinement. This applies to shirts and to hats. Hats for morning and day wear may be any shape or style, but should be of quiet colors, neutral shades. A loud hat bespeaks absolute disregard for the call of fashion. The silk top hat is the correct thing with the dinner coat, and naturally the silk hat is absolute for the completeness of full dress.

The basis of good dressing, according to Mr. DeJari is quietness and conservatism, modesty and elegance. Re-



M. DeJari and Six of the Vanities Beauties

finement speaks in a subdued tone and a perfect harmony with the surroundings. "It is not to be a dude that I dress with care," said M. DeJari at the Earl Carroll Theatre in discussing the matter of clothes, "but because the stage is looked upon as the standard, and patrons of the theatre expect to find perfection in dress behind the footlights. I look upon it as a duty to give the public what they seek. On the street I violate many of the customs of good dressing, but on the stage I try to comply with them all. And for that reason I became an authority on dress on the other side, and was looked upon as an arbiter of fashion in stage circles. It was an expensive reputation to live up to—and, oh yes, there is an important item in handkerchiefs. They should invariably be linen or fine cotton. Silk is about the worst sign of bad taste a gentleman could display on the other side, and this side, too, I believe. And always white, never the gaudy colored things I see displayed in windows of cheap shops."

Like law, good dressing seems to be just plain common sense, as given by an authority.

"Moderation in display is carried to the extreme in evening dress," continued M. DeJari, "for the best clothes are faced with the dull silk and not the glaring shiny satin I

see frequently in Tuxedos and evening dress. Of course, it is the white tie for evening dress and the black tie for the Tuxedo. Everybody knows that, but the insignia of correctness is the finish and tying of the tie. The black tie should be dull, and both black and white should always be tied by the wearer. The wearing of a ready-made tie stamps the wearer instantly as wholly ignorant of the propriety of dress. The matter of studs is also of importance. Correctness calls for white, and invariably a well-dressed man will wear pearls, the size and quality regulated by his income, but *always* pearls. Antique gold studs are permissible, but never diamonds or other glaring stones of color.

"The death knell of the rubber heel for correct dress has been sounded some time ago. The rubber may be comfortable, but is considered bad taste and a blot on an otherwise perfect outfit."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—M. DeJari's forthcoming articles, beginning in the December issue, on men's dress and its influence on character, will be illustrated.]



Art studies by George Maillard Kessler

Betty Bronson's Beliefs

By JESSIE NILES BURNES

BETTY BRONSON believes that the Country of Heart's Desire is just over the boundary line to Never-Never Land.

For, you see, she played in *Peter Pan*, having been chosen from among many candidates by Sir James Barrie himself, as the ideal player for the part; and since then everything nice and pleasant and profitable has happened to her, such as a nice long contract with Famous Players-Lasky; and the part she is playing now in *A Kiss for Cinderella*, another Barrie play.

They were filming, the day of our visit, the appearance of the Good Fairy (in the person of Esther Ralston) to the ragged little slavey asleep on the doorstep of a dilapidated tenement, dreaming of what might befall if she only could see the prince. We couldn't wait to witness the transformation. We saw the pumpkin, not much bigger than a cantaloupe, and we saw the coach, a full-sized vehicle of gray and silver, with bunches of purple ostrich plumes along its top, altogether appropriate for such an adventure, which comes out of the pumpkin at the Good Fairy's command. And we saw Betty herself in her party frock; and what more could one ask? Of course we wanted to see how the magic was worked, but that must wait, for all of us, until we see the finished photoplay.

Betty in her gorgeous robe made a picture for memory's gallery. Earlier in the day we had seen in the costume department this cloth-of-silver dress with deep bands of ermine (swansdown) wherever they could be applied most effectively, the long train, and the metal lace collar that frames the earnest little face, making it even more ethereal than it ordinarily is. And when Betty—everybody on the set calls her Betty, whether addressing her or just speaking about her, and it seems altogether the right thing to do—appeared, a bit breathless herself at her own regal presence as well as the terrible time she had had getting into the gown after a delay in its delivery by the wardrobe woman, then posing for a special portrait—'n everything, a long sigh of satisfaction escaped those in attendance before they rushed, all together, to do her some service. Two of them spread a spotless canvas to protect the garment, for you know the transformation takes place right there on that very door-step where the little slavey had dreamed it all; and one busied

himself with her hair, which she had made a careless arrangement of curls caught away from the face here and there. This was considered too formal, so it was combed out and fluffed until the same nimbus surrounded the face that had framed that of the little dreamer. Several were concerning themselves as to the position each player had occupied in the sleep scene; where the Queen's wand had rested, etc., because the lunch hour had intervened, and when work was resumed the cameras would just go clicking along as though nothing at all had happened.

At intervals during the early scenes Betty had stepped from the set to welcome us, ask what we thought about the play—"I love it" she said—and to promise that during the lunch hour she would tell us all about her plans and hopes for the future. Betty, you see, is almost too young to have a past, although she has played in *Peter Pan*, *Are Parents People*, *Not So Long Ago*, and now this play, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, in which Tom Moore is to play the part of the nice bobby who helps her out. She has learned to be perfectly at home on the set, forgetting the camera and everything and everybody else except her director, in this case Herbert Brenon, who seems to have registered the great truth which ought to underlie and does underlie all successful directing—that a player does better work when he has been made to see the point and



Betty Bronson

wants to do things the right way.

Betty, beyond all doubt, has a smile that has its rise in a happy heart. She has blue eyes, an abundance of silken fine brown hair that waves naturally, a pliant, perfectly formed body, and aristocratically arched feet that manage to register even in the down-at-the-heels old shoes she covers with a bit of old blanket for warmth just before she goes to sleep on her door-step. And of course in the glass slippers they are adorable. She appears tiny, but when her elfin appearance was commented upon her mother quickly interposed, "Why, Betty is only half an inch shorter than Gloria Swanson. When she has her high-heeled shoes on she is just the merest trifle less than five feet tall." So there you are and you want to remember this impressiveness.

What we wanted Betty to talk about was her present plans and purposes and what they said: (Continued on page 49)



The four Warner Brothers

The Real Romance of a Big Business

By ONE WHO KNOWS

THIS is a real romance of Big Business.

It's almost unique because—for one thing—it has to do with the rise in an almost incredibly short time of leaders in a business that is yet too young to be marked by many triumphs.

In twenty-five years Warner Bros. have advanced from the ownership of a little bicycle shop in Youngstown, Ohio, to a commanding position in the motion picture world, with executive offices in New York, model studios in Hollywood, and branch exchanges not only in every part of the United States and Canada, but in Europe and Africa.

The picture field when the Warners invaded it was almost untried. No precedents had been established. The industry was too young to have provided experiences from which they might profit. Success came only after repeated setbacks, which put courage and ability to the supreme test.

The fact that the four big figures in the firm are brothers is another impressive feature of the romance. Relatives don't always "hang together." The tendency is so decidedly in the other direction, indeed, as to make this case a notable one. What those four brothers from Baraboo, Wis.—the Ringlings—did in one entertainment field, the Warners have done in another.

There was a reason for speaking right at the beginning of this story of the little bicycle shop. Two other brothers—Orville and Wilbur Wright—got their start in the same line of business and they, too, were graduated into a line that was new to the world.

The Warners "went in for" bicycling at the very time that bicycling was all the rage in the United States. Then, when

"the movies" were just riding into popular favor, they transferred their attention to them. Which shows they recognize a psychological moment when they see it—one of many reasons which must be offered in explanation of their success.

So, viewed from whatever point, it's a romantic story—the rise of these four Buckeye boys. As has been said often—because it's strikingly true—the motion picture industry is still in its infancy. It's a lusty babe, true, but a babe for all that. And twenty-five years, the period representing the transformation from the bicycle days, is a short space in which to unroll a business romance.

Harry and Albert, the oldest of the Warner quartette, opened the little bicycle shop in Youngstown back in 1900. They weren't content to repair the "bikes" of others. They wanted to be actual participants in the bicycle game. They became crack riders themselves. Harry was a six-day race shark and Albert became a road race champion. Between them they "cleaned 'em up" out there in Ohio.

Sam Warner, No. 3 among the boys, took charge of the shop when his big brothers were gathering the prizes. Sam had an itch for theatrical life and he used to steal away and play around in the wings of the Youngstown Opera House. There, in time, he formed helpful acquaintanceships and when an offer came of the assistant management of an amusement park at Cedar Point, near Sandusky, he forgot that there were such things in the world as bicycles. This was in 1902 and very soon Sam became manager of the park, which was owned by the Ingersoll Amusement Company of Pittsburgh.

Moving pictures, so-called, were being shown in this park.

They were crude things but they were fraught with great possibilities, a fact that Sam Warner was quick to recognize. That's another Warner trait—the recognition of attractive possibilities. There was a chance to buy a picture outfit for \$150 and Sam and Albert snapped it up. Thus there came into being the first motion picture firm of Warner Bros.

Jack Warner, the youngest of the four brothers, then a "kid" just out of school, and the sister of the boys, joined the two in touring Ohio with a reel of "The Great Train Robbery," a projection machine and a phonograph. Albert collected the tickets, Sam manipulated the projector, Jack sang and the sister presided at an organ.

After a time they decided to quit traveling and operate a theatre. They contracted with Rowland & Clark of Pittsburgh for two changes of bill at \$40 a week and opened a house in New Castle, Pa. All went fairly well until the distributors asked for a deposit of \$100 a reel and the brothers were without the \$200 to cover a week's shipment. Then Harry Warner joined his brothers. He had sold out his bicycle business and obtained the \$200 from an uncle of his wife's. So now all four of the Warners were together.

Then the Warner Brothers proceeded to form what is believed to have been the first booking circuit of exhibitors. They persuaded nineteen other exhibitors to join them and the films they obtained made the rounds of the twenty theatres at a cost of \$100 instead of the \$40 each had been paying.

The Warners were among the first firms to distribute five reel pictures instead of the one and two-reelers which were prevalent. The Warner Features proved such a popular success that the General Film Company tried to buy out the firm nine months after it had started, but the Warners refused to sell.

All this time the brothers had been gaining valuable experience and they had already proved themselves great amusement caterers. But they lacked experience in corporation matters and because of this lost control of their company. Perhaps

in the long run this should be accounted as fortunate, for it stirred them to equip themselves in the one department in which they were deficient, but the experience was far from welcome at the time. At this crisis in their affairs, though, the Warners displayed to a notable degree that courage and determination that has played such an important part in the development of their entire career.

The setback meant to start all over again, and this the brothers did on a much broader scale. They divided the firm into two units, one taking charge of the production end in California, the other remaining in New York to attend to executive matters and distribution. From that time, Jack L. Warner has been in Los Angeles with full supervision of all production work.

The career of the Warner Brothers, as the firm is known to the world, really dates from World War days. They induced James W. Gerard, who had been ambassador in Berlin until the United States "broke" with Germany, to let them picture his book, "My Four Years in Germany," and this film, making a decided hit, put them on the motion picture map. This picture was the talk of the country and proved one of the most successful photoplays produced up to that time. Mr. Gerard, who had not believed it possible to make a good picture from his book, until he had read Charles A. Logue's scenario, said long after the release of the film:

"The picture was a great success and I believe has traversed the motion picture globe. My relations with Warner Brothers, young men of the highest character, were always most agreeable and it is a great pleasure to learn of their marvelous success since the production of "My Four Years in Germany."

Then followed the serial, "The Lost City," a number of comedies, and several features, which, while proving popular successes, were not particularly outstanding. Then the Warners decided to produce only (Continued on page 48)



Warner Brothers Studio in Hollywood

*W. C. Fields*

UNIQUE personalities on the stage or screen, and unusual achievements by those who, starting at the lowermost rung of the Ladder of Achievement, have scaled the Heights of Success, are always of particular interest.

W. C. Fields,—yes formerly "Poppy" Fields, and now

W. C. ^{IN} *OTHER* *Fields*

appearing in the Ziegfeld Follies, is one of these. A juggler on the big circuits as a headliner where he developed along comedy lines; a featured attraction with revues and musical comedies, a star of "Poppy;" and now a star of motion pictures under the personal direction of no less a personage than David Wark Griffith, may read like a fairy story, but is an actual recording of the rise of a former small time vaude-villian to stellar honors in screened pantomimic comedy.

"Just what do you think of motion pictures," we asked Fields in his dressing room at the Follies. "They're great, they're wonderful," replied the pantomimist. "They afford a greater scope than any other field of amusement endeavor; for instance if a scene is needed, you have the world to illustrate just what you are after. The eye of the camera reaches everywhere—on the stage you might enter, let us say an oven, and as far as the audience is concerned, that's about all there is to it. In motion pictures, the audience may see, not only the entrance into the oven, but what subsequently takes place inside the oven."

"And just what else appeals to you regarding the screen," we queried. "The fact that one may play practically all over the world at the same time," said W. C. "An actor may personally appear in but one city at a time, and the number of persons he reaches is necessary limited, during an engagement, to the seating capacity of the theatre where he is playing. His audience in motion pictures is incomputable. Furthermore there is a greater opportunity to develop comedy

*In his earlier days as a juggler*



W. C. Fields as he appears in Ziegfeld Follies of 1925. Right and left as he appeared in vaudeville many years ago.

ideas, many incidents that are really funny, cannot be put over on the stage, due to certain limitations which do not obtain on the screen."

"Do you think certain comedy bits such as lifting a girl's skirts with a cane, are vulgar," we propounded. "No, not if done with artistry," said Fields, as he cleverly illustrated the difference, showing just how he would do the business. Fields' expression as he registered was as good as though Griffith himself had been at the small end of the megaphone.

"I tried to 'crash' the motion picture game for years," reminiscently remarked the erstwhile juggler, "but was unsuccessful until now. Griffith saw me play, but did not have a picture in which I could be filmed to advantage. Later I was playing in 'Poppy,' and Griffith, seeing me again, thought

I would fit 'Sally of the Sawdust,' so this is really my first picture, although I did play for three days in 'Janice Meredith' with Marion Davies."

Concluding, Fields said that he had a wonderful opportunity in being associated with the foremost screen director and producer in the world.

We should have liked to have tarried longer, but not wishing to give any opportunity for the time-honored, "I'll never be ready, '—' you'll never be ———" badinage, left the latest acquisition to motion picture stardom to change for his next scene.

W. C. Fields has been a hit as a juggler, comedian, and pantomimist. There is not the slightest doubt that W. C. (in other) Fields, will become just as eminently successful.

Star

Making



Julia Faye

With Cecil De Mille



Leatrice Joy

THE ability to look well into the future and judge accordingly; to organize with executive nuances; to dominate with unflinching surety and to apply with finesse the technic of a master, in the making of motion picture stars, is well exemplified in the person of Cecil De Mille; who, in all probability, has created more constellations of the silver screen than any other one director.

It is due to no whim of Fate that this producer of such successes as "The Ten Commandments," "The Affairs of Anatole," or "The Golden Bed," nor such luminaries as Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson or a host of others, some of whom are pictured on these pages, has been enabled to achieve such wonderful results. Nor will it be the result of caprice or fancy that many of the others pictorially represented here will, in their turn, develop into stars of the celluloid drama

under the tutelage and guidance of this wizard of the cinema. For Cecil De Mille, knowing every angle of pantomimic screening like a book, applies vision, systematization, dominance, perspicacity and directoral facilities, in a manner so peculiar to himself that a maximum of success has been the result.

Could any better example of perspicuity and judgment be cited than the formation of his stock company for the filming of photoplays?

In the organization almost every type of player is constantly available, which of necessity, guarantees competent casts and in addition to saving much time and money, secures for the exhibitor and the public a better, a more finished and more evenly balanced product.

There is in addition the personal touch with players who through constant association learn to carry out the slightest



Rod La Rocque



Jetta Goudal



Joseph Schildkraut

*Lillian Rich**Rita Carrita**Jean Acker**Muel Coleman**Vera Reynolds*

suggestion with the least direction; and thus there is a unity and a coordination between player and director that do not obtain where previously used methods have been employed.

One might well call Cecil De Mille the Belasco of the Screen, for just as uncanny as the wizard of the stage in the discovery of a more or less hidden potential for the spoken drama is the progressive magician of the Silent Celluloid in unearthing and developing that subtle factor—Talent—in those who, to others, seem but unpromising material.

It is doubtful whether this sensing of values has been acquired by De Mille. It is rather an inherent subconscious facility, what our friends the psychologists would possibly designate as a "hunch." But that Cecil possesses the qualification, call it what you please, to an unusual degree, cannot be gainsaid. He has never started to make a star and failed to achieve the desired end.

Fortunate indeed are those under his banner who come in for a special share of attention, for their success in a chosen field is an assurance. De Mille, like Richelieu, does not know the meaning of the word failure.

In fact, De Mille is like Davy Crockett, "first sure he's right," and then nothing stops him from going ahead. In the filming of "The Ten Commandments," a small sized fortune had been expended, which called forth, it is said, adverse comment from some of De Mille's business associates. With the promptness that marks all his decisions, Cecil offered to take over all the obligations and hazards personally and more than justified his judgment in the receipt of subsequent substantial financial returns.

(Continued on page 43)

*William Boyd**Edmund Burns**Sally Rand**Rosa Rudami**Josephine Normann**Robert Ames**Jocelyn Lee*

Running a Studio

FROM the time a baby first takes notice, the question of *what makes the wheels go 'round* is of absorbing interest, and in one form or another remains with us and sways us, so it is not surprising that visitors to motion picture studios like to learn all they can about the "makin's"—the costume department, the research and library department, casting, the designing and building of sets, and all the rest.

This is to be a personally conducted excursion through the Astoria studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, under guidance of Edwin C. King, studio manager, and J. M. Jerauld, in charge of publicity there. In a general way the conduct of all studios is similar, but this is the largest in the world under one roof—a world's exhibition under one tent, so to speak—only a half hour away from Broadway, and in all other ways neighborly. Both Mr. King and Mr. Jerauld were dubious about the interest likely to attach to such a story, but they had not gone so very far with us in the quest before they became converts to our theory. They hadn't thought about it that way. As often happens, attention to each cog in the wheel to make sure it "meshed" had precluded a visioning of the stupendous whole thing.

This studio was completed about five years ago, and in the period since eighty photoplays have been made. Allowing for an interval of ten months that the studio was closed would figure an average of about twenty plays a year as the product.

Mr. King was formerly a civil engineer, and beyond doubt the habits of study acquired there have been applied to the problems presented here: the pursuit of the straight line to an objective, the elimination of curves, heavy grades, tensions, tunnel building and construction projects. Wisdom gained in overcoming obstacles is utilized in various ways. He often presides as mediator and adviser when scenario writers, directors and stars are unable to arrive at an understanding of what is to be done. He combines the surprisingly conflicting functions of the business manager of an institution employing in ordinary times two hundred to three hundred and fifty men and women, and in times of rush five hundred or more, with that of guide and sponsor of artistic productions not subject to the rules of ordinary business procedure.

Motion pictures, like stories or paintings, or any other product of the imagination, are highly individual. Imagination can run far afield. It *must*, if good pictures are to be made. Translating it into picture form is often a difficult process.

With two supervising editors—William Le Baron and E. Lloyd Sheldon—Mr. King is always looking for suitable stories for the stars he knows are to be assigned to the studio. He consults complete lists of the material the production department in the home office has acquired. This is under the supervision of Walter Wanger, production manager, and Jesse L. Lasky, vice president in charge of production. At

times it is necessary to exchange scripts between the east and west coasts, to avoid similarity of treatment.

It is often urged that the near-success, or near-failure of this or that photoplay or player is due to miscasting or faulty material, but in this studio, and I believe it holds in the vast majority of cases, stars and directors are never asked to do stories they do not like. If they are not "sold" on the material, and enthusiastic about it, it is not assigned to them. The reason is obvious.

Mr. King has the faculty of choosing those things he believes will appeal to the personalities with whom he works. If, for instance, a thrilling story of adventures at sea is to be put into production, the order goes out to page Tommy Meighan, for of all people who seem to love messing about in boats, of any kind, under every condition, but stormy scenes preferred, T. M. is the one best bet. On one occasion when he had been drenched to an extent that approximated cruelty, Mr. Meighan was asked what language he was using when his lips moved. It had seemed to the observer an opportunity not to be missed for relieving his feelings. There are very few among those who would see the picture later on that can read the lips, and the situation surely did call for cuss words. The "Tommyesque" reply, however, was that he just was saying what the script called for. And it is told here, for the first time, because it is typical of the way they all do their work, whatever it may be.

Once a story is chosen and director and star agreed upon, the script is prepared and the discussion of technical procedure starts, but the preparation of scenario and continuity is not so simple, compact and straightforward as that sounds. Suppose, for instance, a costume picture is to be filmed. Period costumes, period furnishings and decorations, must be authentic. It is related that once-upon-a-time arms of one century were carried by players costumed in the vogue of another century, and the picture had to be held up until the error was rectified, for fans have a faculty for finding faults and *not* keeping still about the discovery. That was in earlier days: nothing of the sort can happen when all departments work in harmony, and the extent to which detail is carried out may be realized from a recent "lesson" the students in the new school, lately opened at the Astoria studio, were set to learn. Three lectures on period dress were delivered to them and then they were sent to the costumer who outfitted each one of them in a "period" creation and sent them out to identify themselves before the camera. They were in luck if they happened to draw Greek or Roman dress; there's not much chance to go wrong about tunics, togas, sandals, and the like, but the girls who drew Empire styles, or Watteau, or whatever it happened they did draw, had their work cut out for them because all the rest of the class—there are nineteen of them altogether—could find the faults of the one under observation. Trial of efficiency, true; but effective, oh very! "And a good time was had

by all." The course of training is of six months' duration. The purpose is to discover and develop capable, all-around screen players. The nineteen were chosen from about forty thousand applicants, from all over this broad land.

After studying the number of sets and locations required, an estimate of cost is made—such and such a percentage for players, for labor, for material, for costuming, and so on. Transportation is sometimes a heavy item, for large groups often go "on location" to Florida, or Ireland, or it may be to Hawaii, or Alaska, or that near-Alaska setting at the summit of the Rockies—Truckee. If the script called for Timbuctoo and points beyond, the company with directors, cameramen and the necessary staff would be sent there unless the company had in stock a location *just as good*, and transportation would figure in the cost estimate. Of course an estimate can be only an estimate, but usually the "over" in one item will offset the "under" in another, so the sum total usually comes out about as expected.

Here is one case where the unexpected intervened. Enrico Caruso, world-famous tenor, worked in two pictures and entered whole-heartedly into the adventure, playing a dual role in "My Cousin Caruso." *Littly Italy*, in New York, somewhere on 57th street, I believe, in which was located one of the little restaurants Caruso made famous by eating in them sometimes, had been chosen as the setting for some of the action, but the crowd became so dense and demonstrative when it became known that their beloved Caruso was in their midst, that "shooting" was simply out of the question. The problem was solved by building at the Paragon studios in Ft. Lee, then used by Paramount, an exact replica of so much of that part of the street as they had intended to use, carefully made photographs having been made from the original location for this purpose. There is always some way in pictures for getting around obstacles, a favorite expedient being to stop cranking the camera until the way is clear, but building two or three blocks of a street, even of one-dimension houses, takes time and costs money. But this was done and one who saw the picture is ready to bear witness was worth the money, because it fixed for all time a personality dominant in his lifetime, in an enduring way for coming generations that must get along otherwise without even the *memory* of that golden voice.

An interesting corner in the big building is presided over by Lawrence Hitt, head of the art department, where designs for the sets are drawn. Fascinating miniature sets, built to scale, are sometimes to be seen; bits of fabrics, and all manner of materials, drawings, and the like, litter the place, but the presiding genius seems able to lay hand instantly on whatever he wants.

Joseph Darrell, head of the carpentry department, an institution equipped with elaborate high-speed machinery, puts the sets into wood and beaverboard. The scenic department paints them. The property department, under Stephen Seymour, hires the furniture required, and takes the rugs and movable properties out of the storerooms where they are kept. The drapery department supplies hangings, cushions, and all that may be required in their department of the work. It all sounds simple and systematic, and it is, but to a visitor who wanders by a heap of nailed-together stuff resembling nothing else so much as a tumbled box of a giant-size child's carpenter blocks, and returns within the hour to find they have taken form in a flight of steps leading up from a wrought-iron gate to a door under a fan-light, the procedure seems more like magic. One does not often have the luck

to see a transformation such as this, but in the carpentry department they do have "rushes" just as they do in the laboratory.

Fireplaces, window-sashes, rugs and other furnishings are used over and over again. Four warehouses are maintained near the studio for things of this kind, and for extra electrical equipment. Probably one of these storehouses could put Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop* in one corner. They seem able to supply any need. An appropriate lot of old tombstones needed for the churchyard at the end of the village street—one of the sets in *The Copperhead*, if memory serves, in which Lionel Barrymore played the lead—were furnished when required. They may, or may not, have come out of the storehouse, but if they did it is no more amazing than a lot of other things they supply.

While designing and construction are going on, J. J. Gain, assistant studio manager, has worked out a "shooting" schedule and has fitted drawings in all kinds of odd angles onto a huge bulletin board representing the two stages, one of which is 257x120x40 feet, the other the same length and breadth, but only 22 feet high.

(This entire space was used for the ballroom scene in *A Kiss for Cinderella*, the Barrie play in which Betty Bronson is starred, with some five hundred extra people aiding the action. Some party! as of course is quite the proper thing for *Cinderella*.)

The length of time each set is to occupy a given space has been estimated so that others can be put there as soon as the director has finished with it. There is also a lot back of the studio which can be used for certain types of sets.

Location trips are required for some pictures, and men in the office of stage manager Leo Pierson arrange for these. Such trips have to be fitted into the time schedule, so that when companies are out of the studio the space they would otherwise occupy can be used by other companies.

Under the direction of William Cohill, a casting department is maintained where nearly six thousand names are on file, with photographs and all essential data concerning applicants for admission to this "happy hunting ground." Many of these visionaries are amateurs, many more are persons with both stage and screen experience. An interesting side-line in connection with the work of the casting department is that Mr. Cohill, Mr. Le Baron, Mr. Sheldon and Mr. King visit all the stage productions in New York constantly in search for new faces for the screen.

Across the street from the studio is a concrete two-story building where negative is developed. At the end of each day's "shooting," all negative is developed and printed so the director can see it the next day. The laboratory is under the management of Frank Meyer and is one of the largest in the world. About 160 persons are employed, many of them working in dark rooms.

When a picture has been finished and cut, all of the prints, which are the films actually shown in theatres, are made. For some pictures about two hundred prints are made and sent to exchanges throughout the world. Each exchange keeps them in repair, calls for additional sections when needed, and supplies theatres.

About one million three hundred thousand feet of film are turned out every week and shipped to every part of the world. The original negatives of every picture ever made by the company are stored here. In another concrete building are stored what are known as "reserve prints" to be shipped as called for by exchanges (Continued on page 48)



Mae Murray



Scenes from
Merry Widow

Merry Widow

MUSIC lovers, even the merriest of them who choose light opera in preference to grand opera, never by any stretch of imagination can vision themselves as enjoying a silent opera.

And yet exactly that is what will happen to every one of them who goes to see Mae Murray's most recent success, *The Merry Widow*. Think what you may of the poetry of motion, Miss Murray has it, and in this gay little operetta that some ten years or more ago moved all lovers of music and joy to praise and patronize it, she sets your pulse to throbbing and makes your dancing feet ache to be in action, without any aid from song.

Everybody, from coast to coast in America, went to see the Lehar piece then, and it isn't so long ago but that many of us can recall the plot, such as it was, so it almost seems like a waste of good space to go over that ground again. Besides, you are sure to go to see the picture when it comes to your favorite movie house.

And when you see it you will feel that Mae Murray's dancing feet, which had seemed for a time to be straying into strange paths, have turned at last into the right trail. Nobody has ever yet offered any sort of satisfactory explanation why success so often seems to go to the head and paralyze brain action, but very few who will take the trouble to compare Miss Murray's earlier photoplays—*The Delicious Little Devil*, for instance—with *Peacock Alley* and later pictures, will fail to realize that for several years last past little if any cerebral activity was manifest in the parts she played.

In this presentation she dances her way back into all hearts, and into and over that of poor Prince Danilo. She wears costumes of every sort, many of them quite marvelous creations, and in every one of them she is captivating. The plot permits many guises and disguises, but demands that in every one of them she shall remain always independent little Sally.

John Gilbert as Prince Danilo is altogether adequate, and that means much, for he has to be a dancer, a diplomat, a fighter, a flirt, and withal a philosopher—in short a *hero*.

Eric von Stroheim, who directed the production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is gifted beyond most directors, but the perfection of this picture could only have been achieved through perfect co-operation of every one concerned.

The story: Into the festivities attendant on the return of the victorious Balkan army, Sally O'Hara, the star dancer of the *Manhattan Follies*, is projected. Neither speaking nor understanding the language, she endeavors in pantomime to explain to the inn-keeper the need of herself and her company for lodging. Prince Danilo, happening along, volunteers as interpreter. That is the beginning of trouble.

Danilo proposes marriage and Sally accepts, but through intrigue a marriage between Baron Sadoja and Sally is arranged.

Opportunely, on their marriage night, death claims the Baron, and Fate gives his fortune to Sally, who soon becomes known in Paris as the Merry Widow.

Following fortunes of Danilo are drunkenness, duels, convalescence, with Sally in attendance, and ultimately the happy ending, with Danilo on the throne and Sally queening it.

THEY TELL US — SCREEN

MEMBERS of the cast of the *Rocking Moon* are at present "on location" at Sitka, Alaska, where much of the action takes place. Doubtless they will return by the last boat of the season. What would happen if they missed it? It is a George Melford production for Metropolitan Pictures. Lilyan Tashman, John Bowers, Rockliffe Fellowes and Laska Winters are in the cast.

Hope Hampton recently returned from a vacation in Europe, with trunks full of Paris clothes, and her friends await with what patience they can exercise for her next picture. She is to appear on the stage for the Shuberts this winter in a light opera.

George Walsh fans will welcome his re-appearance in pictures. He had just finished work in "A Prince of Broadway," a Chadwick production. He would know better than anybody how to act the name part in such a play.

Cecil B. De Mille is giving director Paul Sloane the benefit of his personal attention in selecting the cast for "Made for Love," Leatrice Joy's next starring vehicle. The play will contain a colorful flash-back into the days of ancient Egypt, Brandon Hurst being featured as Pharaoh. An all star cast is promised.

George Hackathorne has just written from Europe that he is being co-starred with Betty Balfour, England's most beautiful screen star, in "The Sea Urchin," a Gainsborough Production. He mentions as further good fortune that he had a whole week in Paris and London, sightseeing, before work began.

It strikes us as a sort of Shakespeare surprise to have Hal Howe's word for it that "Ben Lyon who is playing the lead in 'The Seven Wives of Bluebeard,' being directed by Al Santell for Robert Kane, has finished the Romeo and Juliet sequence of this picture in which Blanche Sweet and Ben, according to reports, have done the best work of their careers."

Harry Beaumont has signed on the dotted line as director for William Fox, and will begin work about December 1st. Beaumont, for many years a deservedly popular director in west coast studios, resigned not long ago from Warner Brothers service. That they failed and neglected to name him as director for John Barrymore in *The Sea Beast* may have prompted his resignation, it is said, so he may, or may not, be interested in the whale story now in circulation. The company sailed away for wherever it is these monsters may be found, but it seems to be an off season for whales and after several weeks' hunting and never a whale in sight, which cost the producers \$75,000 "and up" per week, they manufactured a dummy whale, but it wouldn't work, either, which any way you take it is a large and luscious contribution to the gaiety of nations. John Barrymore in an engagement with a dummy whale—can't you seem to see it all? The latest gossip as we get it is that the whale-hunt is still on, with costs mounting and hope 'way below zero. So maybe Mr. Beaumont should worry?

Neil Hamilton, whom William De Mille has said is the screen's greatest leading man, is to play opposite Bebe Daniels in *Maggie*, her next photoplay, which Mr. De Mille will direct.

Ronald Colman's recent vacation in New York was not permitted to run its natural course, for he had to hurry back to Hollywood to play the lead with Norma Talmadge in *Kiki*. He said he had a good time while here, though.

Pat Dowling, director of publicity for Christie Comedy Company, recently paid New York a flying visit and then, on his way back to Los Angeles, visited all the Educational exchanges. It is through them that Christie productions reach the ultimate consumer, and nobody on earth knows better than Pat Dowling how to inspire and maintain enthusiasm in the enterprise, and friendly co-operation.

We wait with eagerness but no anxiety for the release of "Clothes Make the Pirate," Leon Erroll's picture recently completed.

After her play-time in Europe Gilda Gray returned to the scene of her labors with Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation. After a few days in New York she left with the company for Florida, where *Aloma of the South Seas*, her first picture, is to be filmed. Sessue Hiakawa is to play the part of Neotone.

Lillian Gish, we are told, will soon begin work in *The Scarlet Letter*, which the Metro-Goldwyn Company will produce. Everybody knows this story by Hawthorne of the olden times, but nobody knows what the movies will make of it. However, Victor Seastrom is to direct, so we may hope for the best.

Matt Moore and Marie Provost are co-starred in *The Cave Man* which Louis Milestone is making. Phillis Haver is also in the cast, and we are all ready to support *The Cave Man*, yes indeed, because we have watched with intrest the upward-and-onward climb of these ambitious young ladies since we saw them first as Mack Sennett bathing girls.

Raymond Griffith plays the lead in *Stage Door Johnnie*, which Clarence Badger is directing. At the time Tommie Meighan was cast for the leading part in a crook picture he went to San Quentin to prepare for it. Wonder just how Raymond Griffith set about qualifying for his part in this picture?

It seems to be taken for granted by Famous-Players-Lasky people in New York that Gloria Swanson, after one more picture which she will make for that company after her return from Europe where she is now vacationing, will release all future productions through United Artists. Joseph M. Schenck, it is said, may finance her undertaking.

Sidney Olcott is to direct for First National henceforth, probably at their eastern studios.

Playing Hide and Seek with Luck (Continued from page 8)

the \$60 rate would be continued, but that \$75 was quite preposterous and utterly out of the question. As I had put sufficient thought and work on each of those stories to turn out a \$500 novelette and had in one of them used up a plot that might have been developed into a \$2,000 serial, I gave up writing originals for the screen for the time being.

In the midst of my fancy fall I wrote a play, which was a grab in another direction. Away back in my youth I'd had one, "Men of Millions," produced. Miss Marbury played it for me. It wasn't a shrieking success. It merely became an almost was. But playwriting fascinated me. I'd studied play construction all my life. So I turned to it again and wrote a post-war mystery play which I called "The Invisible Power." Sam Harris read it and called me into see him. Said he: "I believe this thing has box-office value." Then came the actors' strike. Zowie!

Well, I hung around Mr. Harris' office until one day he slipped me the sad tidings. This time he said "Did you see Willie Collier go out of here just now? He's on my neck because I can't get him a theatre to open in with a new play. This thing of yours ought to be produced now or never. I can't do it this season. Maybe you can get somebody else to." And "The Invisible Power," which hadn't been quite strong enough to keep from letting go of it, came back to me.

Richard Madden, of the American Play Co., read it and thought well enough of it to try and place it. The Shuberts said: "If we'd had this a year ago we'd produced it." George Broadhurst said: "I don't like the idea as handled, but the construction is good and I would like to read Mr. Patten's next play." Winthrop Ames wrote me a bully letter, saying my play was good but out of his line. George Cohan said: "I don't think I could make 'em believe it." Every manager who read it was courteous and complimentary, though many were skeptical. The most of them admitted that it was the post-war theme that made them afraid of the thing.

It wasn't produced. If it had been it would have been the first of the recent mystery plays, following "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and would have anteceded "The Bat." Fox made a picture in which the trick which furnished the great surprise of the play was used. I was advised to sue. I didn't.

About that time the bean porridge had grown powerfully thin and cold.

In 1920 I succeeded in getting out to California on borrowed money, for which I dug up security. I arrived in Hollywood in the worst of bad times for a fiction writer to pry into the movie game. The great drought, caused in some degree by the threatening sun of censorship, was coming on. But the thirst wasn't for new writers; on the contrary, old writers were thirsting for jobs.

Toward the last of my sojourn there I met the thirsty vets with increasing, and I may say appalling, frequency. Dry! Why, some of them who one week were bathing in California sunshine and wine, were grateful the next week for the price of a glass of milk! Four days after I talked with one continuity writer who seemed to be sitting tight on a three-hundred-dollar-a-week job, he came round to borrow a dime for car fare. His small bank account was attached, but he'd saved his four-thousand-dollar motor car, which was in his wife's name. She was going to sell orange

marmalade, and she'd had advertising signs painted on both sides of the car.

After lingering around the echoing studios for five months, I managed to get back East without walking or writing and selling some magazine fiction.

Then the break came. A reader on the first "confessional" magazine, who had once been an editor at Street & Smith's, helped me make the crack. I'd never sold him a story. I'd never even offered him one, and I don't know why he conceived the idea that I might be able to do what that magazine wanted. But he sent for me and I talked with him about the sort of stuff the publication needed. Then, through him, I sold that house every story I turned in, and never made an alteration of even a line of any of them. That brought me bread and butter to go with the bean porridge, and also courage to go out and hit other markets. Today just one unsold story out of the last three years' work remains on my hands. When I find time, I'll do that one over into a confessional—and sell it.

While I was in California I wrote an original movie story, but fear of censorship prevented the producers from buying it. All of them professed to be eager for stories, and all shyed at my story like skittish colts. When the play, "Nice People," by Rachel Crothers, was produced I read a review of it and promptly tore out quite a lot of my hair. She had used my idea, though the incidents and development were different. Probably she'd been writing her play at the same time that I was writing my story.

But the story was afterwards sold through an agent who was inside the movie game, after I'd made some changes in it. It was released under the name of "Temporary Marriage." The continuity writer ripped enough out of the original idea and incidents to make it utterly unlike "Nice People"—or anything that I, myself, had conceived. He killed the modern theme and used, instead, the threadbare and ragged theme of divorce.

At the present time I'm trying to place another play. Likewise the Merriwell Stories for the screen. Of the stories, there are two hundred books of about seventy thousand words each. Those stories have had a total circulation of two hundred million copies, and the name of Frank Merriwell has become synonymous of Young American Manhood. Their publicity value exceeds that of any similar fiction ever published.

How's that for modesty? But it's true."

GILBERT PATTEN.

THE WIVES OF BLUEBEARD

When Ben Lyon reaches that hour in life's afternoon when looking backward is as delightful as looking forward is now—oh, years and years hence, of course—the wonder of the seven wives, the casting director wished onto him in Bluebeard's Seven Wives will abide with him. Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Sebastian, Diana Kane, Lois Wilson, Betty Jewel, Katherine Ray, and another not yet chosen—think of it! Romeo to Blanche Sweet's Juliet! And six similar assignments with the others! No wonder if Ben is cited as a demonstration that *luck* does single out a favorite now and then.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

Beatrice Roberts, who makes her stage debut this season, solves the question of a daytime frock, in an adorable plum-colored faille with a youthful drapery of the short skirt, and an appealing sleeve and neckline. The ribbon panels are in petunia shades of faille.

Imported by Bergdorf-Goodman.

Marion Morehouse, who is now playing under Belasco's management, sponsors an evening cape of white caracul with double collar of silver fox. A shallow yoke at the back permits the desired fullness for the wrapped silhouette.

Designed by Bergdorf-Goodman.



Photo by Nikolas Muray

THE
MODERN
WIG
BECOMES
THE
VOGUE



Frances Howard, who recently became Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, covers her short bob in the evening with an effective transformation with bangs and a chignon.

Julia Hoyt, society and stage favorite, enhances her beauty in the evening by covering her boyish bob with a girlish transformation with bangs and a tiny knot at the back.



Carlotta Monterey, in private life the wife of Ralph Barton, artist, creates a stir among her admirers by wearing this lovely swirl transformation.

*Transformations
From Manuel*



Helen Lee Worthing (left), who has become a screen artist, through her appearance in "The Swan," adheres to a transformation both day and night—ash blonde with a large natural wave.



An Afternoon with Sunny

(Continued from page 19)

sigh and awaited developments. As to clothes, the developments were likewise a bit breath-taking. She makes about ten changes, and careful scrutiny leads to one of two convictions: either she hasn't one solitary costume a single bit less becoming than all the rest, or else she looks well in anything. Two or three of them, especially the gymnasium suit, are a good deal like Gunga Din's, you know—"The uniform he wore was nothing much before, An' something less than 'arf of that behind" but the most carping critic couldn't possibly want them to be other than they are. That applies likewise to her singing, and her dancing, particularly the comradely spirit she manifests when tripping it in a two-some, or a four-some. Mixed metaphors? Yes, but you go watch her mimic some of Jack Donahue's stepping, and then work out an idea or two of her own in connection therewith, and you'll get mixed, yourself; but you will like it, believe me.

More than one person has been heard by this relator to say of Jack Donahue that it will not be long until he is recognized as a second Fred Stone. Not so. He will be a gifted individual, like nobody else so far encountered, and to the end of the chapter: but inasmuch as it is the policy of this magazine to pick winners in plenty of time, we want to go on, record as prophesying there is nothing he can want to achieve in the way of a sure place in the sun of popularity that he cannot attain. Whoever else could make up for marriage as he does in his cabin on the S. S. Triumphant?

Clifton Webb's is a thankless part. It compels him to play the sap, and he does it so well! Several of his scenes with Mary Hay are delightful, not the least so being one which might be called the-long-and-short-of-it. Such lovely nonsense!

Mary Hay makes "Weenie" Winters a satisfactory sweetheart, not too reluctant to consolation in loneliness, and her fury when she finds she has been deserted resembles rather a soft spring breeze than a tempest; but in every mood she is lovable.

Paul Frawley, as Tom Warren, is a most tuneful lover. He sings the song of Sunny, with the boys in a way that makes everybody want to sing it, too. Fact is, quite a lot do hum it as they go out. And that's one sure test of popularity.

Dorothy Francis, whose singing won recognition for her some while since, wins the hearts of her hearers in the Sunshine song. Someone with a genius for joy composed it, another genius selected Miss Francis to sing it, and another—quite likely herself,—chose the misted over golden gown she wears while singing it. And it would be necessary to exceed our allowance of adjectives if we undertook to tell the truth about the loveliness of it.

Esther Howard acts well the part of Sue Warren, but her supreme excellence is made manifest in the way she wears clothes, gorgeous gowns they are, and in them she seems as unselfconscious as a baby in its birthday suit. They do say, you know, that the very height of art is its apparent absence. And one doesn't know, really, whether to envy more her possession of them, or her ease in them.

Pert Kelton as "Magnolia" is a joy forever. She doesn't have so very much to do, but the way she does it! Her burlesquing is done so daintily, as in the Spanish dance, that one seeing it is sure she had to know thoroughly the right way before she could go wrong so convincingly.

George Olsen and his Jazz Orchestra see to it that there is not a dull moment during intermission. Minstrel men, they are, of this jazz generation, giving a miniature entertainment altogether their own.

The program says that Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana appear by arrangement with E. Ray Goetz and the Club Mirador, but it does not give a name to their dance, wherefore we suggest it might well be called "the flight of a swan" it is so airy, and so lovely.

There isn't any sort of dance that isn't offered, somewhere in the performance. In fact, nothing seems to be lacking to make *Sunny* a perfect joy. Wouldn't it be strange if out of it this strenuous, rushing, restless people we have permitted ourselves to become, should evolve a habit of happiness? At any rate, it is a safe bet there will animate most of us a Sunny habit. The play opened only two weeks ago, and is already of such good repute that when we ask a friend "have you seen it?" the answer is "I've seen it twice"—or, maybe, "three times, and I'm going again." It is likely to pass the record, now held by Abie's Irish Rose, now in its fourth year. *Sunny* will win the same sort of enthusiastic support because it has the same sort of heart appeal. You come away realizing at last what the good book means about the heart of a child enabling any one who has it to enter into the kingdom.

We suggest that you go, often, and take the children; it will help to make the bad ones good and the good ones better. And pass the word along to your neighbor, so he can do the same thing. Happy people are good people, the world over.

The Curbstone Philosopher

(Continued from page 23)

Napoleon is said to have been successful because "he could afford to wait," but while he waited—he PREPARED. Daniel Webster, Richard Harding Davis and a score of others, kept plugging away at PREPARATION and PERFECTION while many decried the lack of opportunity and quoted "The world owes me a living, and it's funny I don't get it." Patrick Henry was a philosopher but NOT—at the curbstone.

To just what do you suppose the success of Richard Mansfield, Mary Pickford, Sara Bernhardt, Mme. Melba, Caruso, Henry Irving, Leonor Ulric, or any of the other brilliant constellations in the theatrical firmament, was due? Some God given inherent power, hereditary supremacy,—or to a little natural ability, some initiative, much preparation and a lot of hard work. Did anyone ever hear these stars philosophize at the curbstone, or was their spare time spent in mental and physical improvement, in an attempt, through dint of close application, to perfect themselves in the art which they had the honor to grace!

Does anyone thing for a moment that motion picture stars acquired the enviable positions many of them occupy by a never ending discussion as to their relative merits, their lack of opportunity, or conditions in general. They MADE their opportunities, or were in excellent physical, mental and emotional condition, through close application and preparation, to take advantage of ANY opportunity when the occasion arose.

There is always a time when "Opportunity Comes a Knockin' At Your Door;" if you, figuratively speaking, are not in, Opportunity does not sit down and wait for your return, but passes on—perchance never to return. You will

NEVER be in, from anything that may be gained by Curbstone Philosophy.

Who will step forward from within the ranks to inaugurate an organization which shall have for its prime object, the betterment of the profession as a whole? Who will be the one to start the movements.

It requires neither a Mahomet, a Moses, an Upton Sinclair, or a Superman, nor would it necessitate the expenditure of a huge sum of money, or entail a great amount of work. Just the WILL, the initiative, the Bull Dog Tenacity, if you please, with an unflinching determination to "put it across."

Shall we in this Land of Progressiveness, Advance, and Invention take a back seat and cater to nothing but commercialism in the theatre for the lack of at least TRYING! Undeniably NOT, America can and WILL—actors were never known to fail in any movement they put their hearts and souls into, and they WILL NOT FAIL in advancing their side of the profession, and ridding it of THE CURBSTONE PHILOSOPHER.

Star Making With Cecil De Mille

(Continued from page 33)

In the matter of production, De Mille is most prolific, having no less than thirty-seven photo plays to his credit this year, which is certainly a high-water mark in motion picture filming. If there is anything this energetic director of the Flickering Projections likes it is work—and if there be aught that he yearns for with greater desire it is *more* work. Nor must it be supposed that quantity production results in inferior quality, for each photoplay turned out is a finished work of art and bears the personal imprint of the man at the head of the concern who knows his business, and knows it well.

Outside of the personal element, the factor most attributable to De Mille's success from the commercial as well as the artistic standpoint is, without question, his organization. The better the organization in any line of endeavor—the finer the results.

The business of De Mille reflects nothing but credit on its sponsor, organizer and director. He is not only a maker of Stars, but the Star Maker of Motion Pictures combining the best of qualifications toward a constructive uplifting of morals, sources of enlightenment, and in holding up the mirror to Nature, as it were, the greatest of all assets in motion pictures or anything else.—HEART INTEREST.

Harmonizing Domesticity and a Career

(Continued from page 9)

wouldn't like to use that one"—pointing to a photograph on her dressing shelf—"it has been used a lot, and then he was so young when that was taken. He looks so—well, kind of unfinished, doesn't he? He hadn't found himself yet."

The Bride Retires may be the sort of play you do not fancy. Prudence Prim would not have a single happy moment throughout the performance, but a house full of laughing people indicated that the anti-Prims were enjoying the play. It is Lila Lee's first appearance on the speaking stage after

several years in pictures, and the stage is the richer by a distinct personality, demure and appealing; the manager could hardly have found in all the world a *Raymonde* who could look, and act, and fit perfectly the part as Lila Lee does. Her voice though low is pleasant, and musical. Big soft brown eyes, a quantity of rippling, *long*, very dark brown hair, with black brows and lashes, complete the picture.

Their plans include a home in the East for quite a long time, for the stage here offers opportunities that the west coast can not. They are looking for exactly the right place, not too far out for them to come and go daily except in the bitterest weather, where Junior can continue his rule in proper surroundings.

And they will probably play in pictures, too. How could it be otherwise when both are so capable and so popular on the screen?

But all the while they will be living life by the day and finding it good. Yes, surely she had the right idea when she said "making domesticity and a career harmonize."

Interpretive Dancing

(Continued from page 13)

Among these we paid the Duncan Dancers, who have preserved its poetical and spiritual value, seen in their interpretation of *Chopin's Funeral March*, portraying Death's step to the spiritual world. Marion Morgan has recalled the authentic technique of dance and drama, while Ruth St. Denis manifested its realistic beauty in nature in her *Spirit of the Sea*.

While wandering, enjoying and suffering through its life, Interpretation has gathered a heap of treasures from which all may select their heart's desire. My love for Interpretative Dancing has forced me to take an example from each of the precious keepsakes, but Diana has a special pedestal at present. Often I have danced to her spirit and she has inspired me. It has been the dance of one of her favorite sports, discus-throwing, which maids of Sparta performed with artistic poses and athletic grace. The scene is laid in the arena where groups of young athletes are shown, resting before their strenuous contest. The discus-thrower has taken her place at a signal from the honored spectator. She is happy and confident in her training. All eyes are drawn to her while she parades so that all may observe her closely before the trial. She is posed for the first throw in this act so famous and familiar to the onlookers. The throw is made and cheers pronounce it a good start and by her trying with the discus we know she is not disappointed. She repeats this throw and each time a farther distance is the result until she outdoes herself and the cheers are becoming constant accompaniment to her sport. Her next move requires great balance and she is poised on the ball of one foot while the other is extended in the air and she swings the discus with powerful preparation for the miraculous throw it results in. All eyes are on the discus, for again she has outdistanced the usual throw, and when eyes return to her, she is still poised in the perfect balance as when the discus left her hand. This has brought the throng to its feet, for she has stirred their keen artistic feeling as well as that of sport. The honors are hers and joy is expressed in her leaps and twirls as she advances to the greatest personage in the audience. Before him she takes her last twirl and kneels amid the endless showers of flowers from her enthusiastic race.

Ned Wayburn's The Way for Many Stars



HELEN DOBBIN
from Minneapolis, Minn.



MILDRED BILLERT
from Minneapolis, Minn.

TO simply state The Wayburn Way Must Be The Only Way, may seem trite, but in view of the very large number of successful stars discovered and made by the former amateur coach, minstrel and vaudevillian, Ned Wayburn, it seems to be the Only Right Way to say it.

Listing all the names of the theatrically famous who are, in a large measure, responsible for their success to this Terpsichorean master of stagecraft, would occupy more space than is available within the confines of this article. Such scintillating meteorites of Broadway and the theat-

direction and staging of successful musical comedies of his own, as well as those produced and staged for Ziegfeld, the Shuberts, and in fact every producer of prominence both here and abroad would, in more than ordinary probability, be decidedly edited before this article appears in print. More detailed information in Wayburn's interesting booklet of fifty pages, entitled "Your Career," discloses the names of almost every one of prominence in musical comedy and revues who has appeared on Broadway in the last twenty years or more. And on these pages may be seen the



BEATRICE ROBERTS
from New York City



JANET STONE
from New York City



GOODIE MONTGOMERY
from New York City

rical firmament as Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray, Marilyn Miller, Evelyn Law, Ada May Weeks, Marion Davies, Mary Eaton, Pearl Regay, Charlotte Greenwood, George M. Cohan, Ed Wynn, Al Jolson, and a host of others, form but a small part of scores of famous artists who have been discovered, or have come under Wayburn's instruction and direction.

A list of his achievements in the production,

picturizations of many more stars framed in Good Luck Symbols—the future Ann Penningtons, Gilda Grays and Marilyn Millers—now being groomed by the man who knows HOW.

Wayburn's early career and his struggles against paternal prejudices, as well as the uncertainties and rigors of a none too stabilized calling, form a most interesting background. Touching briefly the high-lights,



OLIVE BRADY
from Atlantic City



JEAN KENIN
from Philadelphia, Pa.



VIRGINIA BACON
from Cincinnati, Ohio

that is the fact that we took in sixty-eight dollars"—more than likely a fortune in those days to the burnt cork managers.

"My father was very much against the stage," said Wayburn, "but his business was divided between New York and Chicago—six months in each city; and it was during the six months he was in New York, that I sneaked into the theatrical business in Chicago. Father used to lock the piano so that I could not practice," he continued, and the writer was forcibly reminded of the late Charlie Case, "The Man Who Used To Talk About His Father;" "but I learned to play anyhow, not only the piano, but the violin, banjo and guitar. I was brought to New York by Phil Nash and became a vaudevillian, afterward an actor in musical comedies, and still later a producer and manager."



"MISS NOBODY
from Nowhere"



RITA HOWARD
from Philadelphia, Pa.

ful solo dancer who appeared with Geraldine Farrar's operatic fantasia 'Carmen,' and Jean Kenin from Philadelphia.

"Helen Fables is one of my best pupils," said Wayburn. "She has everything in her favor, and will be a sensation in my forthcoming musical comedy production 'Fez.' Rita Howard, a very excellent eccentric dancer shows decided promise, and Goodie Montgomery, a niece of the late Dave Montgomery, who was sent here by Will Rogers and Fred Stone, and trained by me for three years, made a hit of no mean proportions in the Rita Revue,

the Follies, with Brooke Johns, and in the Kit Kat in London. Although still in her teens, this youngster is getting a salary of two hundred dollars and fares.

"Janet Stone, whom I trained for six years, has, in addition to her dancing ability, a good voice, and appeared successfully in 'Lady Butterfly,' a Dillingham production at the Globe. Then there is Olive Brady from Atlantic City, an acrobatic

dancer, and Mildred Billert, a remarkably clever Spanish dancer and singer and my best classical pupil. She's from Minneapolis." (Funny how Wayburn recalls instantly where all his pupils are from—and he didn't do a memory act in vaudeville either!)

"Peggy Hope, Ruth Laird from Dallas, Madeline Killeen, an ingenue soubrette with 'Honeymoon Cruise,' Helen Dobbin from Minnesota, a classical dancer, who did 'Sambo' in the Follies and danced in 'Honeymoon Cruise,' and Marion Chambers, a real Revue Star who has been with me for three years.



MILDRED LEISY
from Peoria, Ill.



RUTH LAIRD
from Dallas, Texas

Of his stars in the making, Wayburn spoke with decided interest and pardonable pride. "There is Beatrice Roberts," said he, "who is as pretty a girl as you could find anywhere, an artist's model who is new to the stage and destined to do big things. Elizabeth Higgins, a society girl whom I have played in the Shellburn Revue, Mildred Leisy, a wonder-



CAROLINE NOLTE
from Elmhurst, L. I.

I wouldn't exactly say she is my pet," somewhat hesitatingly countered Wayburn, "but there is 'Miss Nobody' from Nowhere,' who was selected from five thousand applicants. This enormous number was narrowed down to twelve and, after much consideration, I finally picked 'Miss Nobody' as having the greatest possibilities, not only from a standpoint of dramatic, vocal and terpsichorean ability, but the addition of that subtle quality which we call personality and charm."

Ned Wayburn is a busy man, but not too busy to be courteous, nor to sense just how to reply to interrogations when interviewed. The writer was enabled to get more definite information in a shorter space of time from Wayburn than from almost any other person he has been consigned

to write up. This bespeaks volumes for Wayburn's efficiency, a point that was noticeable in the manner of running his establishment in all departments. Mrs. Wayburn flits here and there with a smile, and a way, attending to many details that would be a decided business asset to any man; and, on the whole, the entire Wayburn scheme is one that leaves no doubt concerning the future success of those fortunate ones

in the little horseshoes.

A visit to a workshop such as this is a terrible temptation to a writer to editorialize. Because they are invariably so alive, one is compelled to compare these pupils with students in other lines of endeavor — sculpture, painting, music and the like. Such comparison leads to the conviction that dancers as a class are the happiest, sanest, most vital, charming, healthful and human set of people on earth. Mordkin, one

of the first of the great Russian dancers to come to us, made every heart sing *hallelujah* for the joy of just being alive; and in the degree of their excellence this is the effect good dancers always produce, as though they somehow harmonize the jarring notes of life, accelerate the tempo, and establish a rhythm that makes for happiness.

The fact that a dancer must borrow ideas from all the other arts develops, beyond a doubt, the quality of brotherliness they all seem to possess; and the intensity and devotion with which they must strive to express loveliness certainly develops charm in themselves.

And so we would like to go on record as recommending this studio as a beauty shop, to any one and every one who can meet the requirements for admission. Pulchritude, personality and patience in sufficient quantities, properly proportioned, are essential: anything else needed to insure success, the training will supply. The time of tuition, you will perhaps have noted in foregoing paragraphs, seems to vary, but there are excellent reasons why this must be so. For one, it is desirable that a student should, where possible, begin training in youth, and inasmuch as each student enrolls

(Continued on page 49)



PEGGY HOPE
from New York City



MADELINE KILLEEN
from Cincinnati, Ohio



LISBETH HIGGINS
from Brooklyn, N. Y.



MARION CHAMBERS
from Manila, P. I.



HELEN FABLES
from Paterson, N. J.

ARTISTS of the STAGE—*Bulletin*, (Continued from page 20)

Name	Play	Name	Play	Name	Play
Phillips, Norman	George White's Scandals	Sheffield, Reginald	Hay Fever	Townsend, Puritan	Butter and Egg Man
Pierce, Betty	White Cargo	Sherwin, Jeannette	The Vortex	Truesdell, Fredk.	The Gorilla
Puck, Harry	Merry, Merry	Shirley, Florence	The Poor Nut	Underwood, M.	The Kiss in a Taxi
Purcell, Charles	Dearest Enemy	Shubert, Harold	Abie's Irish Rose	Van, Billy B.	Gay Paree
Ranney, Frank	These Charming People	Shutta, Ethel	Louie the 14th	Vaughan, Edna	The Tale of the Wolf
Raymond, Dorothy	The Jazz Singer	Silvernail, Clarke	Jane—Our Stranger	Wallace, Milton	Abie's Irish Rose
Regay, Pearl	Rose-Marie	Sipperly, Ralph	Canary Dutch	Walton, Gladys	June Days
Richmond, Wyn	June Days	Sothorn, E. H.	Accused	Watson, Bobby	American Born
Rigby, Edward	The Kiss in a Taxi	Spring, Helen	Dearest Enemy	Weaver, Alice	George White's Scandals
Riggs, Sydney	Is Zat So?	Stewart, Katherine	Jane—Our Stranger	Webb, Clifton	Sunny
Rogers, Stanley	Artists and Models	Strange, Robert	The Gorilla	Webster, Lucille	Butter and Egg Man
Royston, Roy	June Days	Stubbs, Harry	Butter and Egg Man	Westman, Theo.	The Family Upstairs
Sale, Chas. (Chic)	Gay Paree	Stream, Eloise	Butter and Egg Man	Weston, Betty	The Gorilla
Saunders, Richard	When You Smile	Sullivan, John M.	When You Smile	Winwood, Estelle	The Buccaneer
Saxon, Marie	Merry, Merry	Tannen, Julius	Earl Carroll Vanities	Whitehead, Ralph	Big Boy
Shannon, Jack	Dearest Enemy	Tell, Alma	These Charming People	Wilson, Ethel	White Colatrs
Shayne, Edythe	Oh! Mama!	Thomson, Carolyn	The Vagabond King	Winniger, Charles	No, No, Nanette
		Toler, Sidney	Canary Dutch	Wolff, Walter	Artists and Models
		Tonge, Ashton	The Pelican	Young, Roland	The Tale of the Wolf

ARTISTS of the SCREEN—*Bulletin*, (Continued from page 21)

Name	Picture & Co.	Name	Picture & Co.	Name	Picture & Co.
Mong, William V.	Steel Preferred (CDMP)	Power, Tyrone	Braveheart (CDMP)	Sweet, Blanche	Blue Beard's Wife (FN)
Moore, Colleen	Irene (FN)	Power, Tyrone	He's A Prince (FPL)	Talmadge, Const'ce	East of the Setting Sun (FN)
Moore, Matt	The Jazz Bride (WB)	Prevost, Marie	The Jazz Bride (WB)	Talmadge, Norma	Kiki (FN)
Moore, Matt	The First Year (Fox)	Prince, John	Radio Detective (U)	Tashman, Lilyan	Rocking Moon (CDMP)
Moore, Tom	The Song and Dance Man (FP-L)	Quinby, Margaret	Radio Detective (U)	Terry, Alice	Mare Nostrum (MGM)
Moran, Lois	Just Suppose (FN)	Ralston, Esther	Womanhandled (FP-L)	Thomson, Fred	All Around Frying Pan (FBO)
Moreno, Antonio	Mare Nostrum (MGM)	Randolf, Anders	Black Pirate (UA)	Torrence, David	Other Woman's Story (BPSP)
Morgan, Frank	Scarlet Saint (FN)	Rene, Joan	Silver Treasure (Fox)	Torrence, Ernest	Pony Express (FPL)
Morrison, James	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)	Reynolds, Vera	Steel Preferred (CDMP)	Trevor, Norman	The Song and Dance Man (FP-L)
Mulhall, Jack	Irene (FN)	Rich, Irene	Compromise (WB)	Turpin, Ben	Steel Preferred (CDMP)
Murphy, Jack	Tumbleweed (UA)	Rich, Irene	Lady Windermere's Fan (WB)	Valentino, Rudolph	The Eagle (UA)
Murray, Charlie	Steel Preferred (CDMP)	Rich, Lillian	Braveheart (CDMP)	Vidor, Florence	The Enchanted Hill (FP-L)
Nagel, Conrad	Memory Lane (FN)	Riqua, James	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)	Von Stroheim, E.	East of the Setting Sun (FN)
Neill, Richard R.	Tumbleweed (UA)	Roberts, Edith	Seven Keys to Baldpate (FPL)	Wales, Ethel	Made for Love (CDMP)
Nillson, Anna Q.	Splendid Road (FN)	Russell, J. Gordon	Tumbleweed (UA)	Walsh, George	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)
Nixon, Marion	What Happened to Jones (U)	Sais, Marin	Overland Trail (U)	Walthall, Henry B.	Three Faces East (CDMP)
Norton, Edgar	He's A Prince (FPL)	Sebastian, Dorothy	Blue Beard's Wife (FN)	Watson, Bobby	The Song and Dance Man (FP-L)
O'Hara, George	The Sea-Beast (WB)	Sherman, Lowell	The Love Toy (WB)	Wilson, Lois	Irish Luck (FPL)
O'Brian, George	Silver Treasure (Fox)	Sidney, George	Two Blocks Away (U)	Winters, Laska	Rocking Moon (CDMP)
Olmstead, Gertrude	Time the Comedian (MGM)	Sterling, Ford	The American Venus (FP-L)	Worthing, Hleen	The Count of Luxembourg (CP)
O'Malley, Pat	Midnight Sun (U)	Sills, Milton	Men of Steel (FN)		
O'Neil, Peggy	Don't (MGM)	Stewart, Roy	Time the Comedian (MGM)		
Panzer, Paul	Ancient Mariner (Fox)	Stone, Lewis	Girl from Montmartre (FN)		
Patrick, John	His Jazz Bride (WB)	Sullivan, Helene	Steel Preferred (CDMP)		
Pickford, Mary	Scraps (UA)				
Pitts, Za Su	Mannequin (FP-L)				
Powell, William	Aloma of the South Seas (FP-L)				

Key for Picture Players

Famous Players Lasky (FPL)
 Associated Exhibitors (AEP)
 First National (FN)
 Universal (U)
 B. P. Schulberg Prods. (BPSP)
 Inspiration Pictures (MP)

Goldwyn Productions (SGP)
 Christie Comedies (ACP)
 Cecil De Mille Prods. (CDMP)
 C. C. Burr (CCB)
 Pathe Pictures (PP)

Warner Brothers (WB)
 Producers Distributing Corp. (PDC)
 Fox Pictures (FOX)
 Metro Goldwyn Mayer (MGM)
 Chadwick Pictures (CP)
 Rayart Pictures (RAP)

The Real Romance of a Big Business

(Continued from page 29)

pictures of a super quality. They bought the screen rights to "Why Girls Leave Home," and the success of their filmed version of it marked another long step forward.

"Your Best Friend," starring Vera Gordon, scored another triumph, and "School Days," with Wesley Barry, showing in nearly every city and town in the country, and winning unstinted praise everywhere, greatly increased the prestige of its producers and distributors.

But Warner Brothers were not content to rest upon their laurels. It has always been one of their characteristics that every success has stimulated them to greater ambition and spurred them to increased effort. So it has been the rule that each succeeding season has been marked by more notable triumphs. As the disciples of Monsieur Coué profess, "every day, in every way, their product has been growing better and better." The 1922-23 schedule witnessed the release of such screened masterpieces as "From Rags to Riches," "The Beautiful and the Damned," "Heroes of the Street," "The Little Church Around the Corner," "Brass" and "Main Street."

Warner product had by now won the description, "Classics of the Screen" and this product not only still further increased the popularity of its makers but inspired them to yet greater activities. Came now the determination to forge to the very forefront of the picture industry. The organization was enlarged and perfected so as to enable it both to increase the production of super-features and to facilitate distribution in every part of the world.

Two more studios, one in Hollywood, the other in Brooklyn, were added when Warner Brothers bought out Vitagraph, Inc., a few months ago. The company is now equipped to make any number of pictures, from forty to four hundred, as it boasts. In point of fact, half a dozen production units are almost constantly at work. On August 1st of this year, fifteen of the forty productions comprising the 1925-26 release schedule had been completed. This, despite the fact that these are largely big specials on which particular care was bestowed.

The coming year's schedule deserves more extended mention because it marks a further consistent advance. It is by all odds the most ambitious program the Warners have ever devised and compares favorably with the best of any other producer in this year or any that has gone before. The Warners were among the first picture-makers to recognize the value of the masterpieces of established authors—both fiction writers and dramatists. Successful novels and plays have, through their very success, "sold themselves" to the public, so that a good half of the expense and task of exploitation, involved in the case of most pictures is obviated.

The continued and increasing success of Warner Brothers has demonstrated, moreover, that the taste of the American public is of a high quality. There has been a marked advance in the comparatively few years since the first motion picture made its appearance. Due in part to the insistence of the army of picture lovers, in part to the determination of the better class of producers, like Warner Brothers, there has been a constant improvement both in theme and in treatment of subjects. It is one of the proudest boasts—and one of the most justifiable—of Warner Brothers that they have never produced a picture to which a conscientious parent might not take his child. Their pictures are not only "classics"—in

keeping with the happily chosen descriptive term applied to their product, but they always have been free from the slightest suggestion of anything of questionable taste.

Stars and casts have been selected throughout with the same discriminative care as subjects. Twenty-seven players, every one of them an artist, compose the membership of the permanent Warner Brothers West Coast Studio Stock Company, while nearly every succeeding production sees the recruiting of additional actors of high standing. Fourteen directors—likewise the best in their lines—are employed, while seven writers, some of them authors of high reputation even outside the picture field, compose the staff of scenarists.

In fact, "quality" has been the watchword of the Warners in everything, whether personnel or business dealings are considered. The members of the company credit this as one of the secrets of their success. Obviously, there would be less of romance in the story of Warner Brothers' rise in the business world if their record were tinged with anything smacking of the shady or dishonorable. Fair dealing with particular attention to the well-being of the exhibitor—the theatre owner—has been their constant care.

This has been exemplified further in the independent attitude always displayed. The Warners are the admitted foes of everything suggestive of a trust, for they are convinced that trusts are the arch foes of the exhibitor.

To round out the romance, Warner Brothers are now building in Hollywood one of the finest theatres ever constructed. It is in marked and impressive contrast to that little house in which they exhibited their first rented pictures, back in the days when they were drawing out of the bicycle repair shop business. Recently, too, they have acquired a number of other important theatres in order to enlarge the field in which their high class product may be shown.

Warner Brothers have "arrived." They are repeating the victories which two of them used to win on the bicycle track. They have done their full share to place public entertainment on a new high level and keep it there. And in doing so, they have won success for themselves. That success proves that patience, determination, square dealing, business acumen, and the handling of a product of the first order form a combination that pays.

Running a Studio

(Continued from page 35)

throughout the country. All foreign prints from both East Coast and West Coast productions are made here.

And nobody seems to realize what such a film library may mean to coming generations, as to styles, customs and what not; but if those students had had "period" films running while the lectures were being delivered to them, they would have had an easier lesson. Studio managers never seem to think about it; likely they haven't time; but the kind of history they are preparing will most certainly simplify life, at least for the student.

There is no "by-line" at the head of this story. Each of the heads of departments contributed his bit, compiling data to insure accuracy at a busy, busy time, for there were eight photoplays "in work" when this was written. It is *their* story.

Let us know if you like it.

Betty Bronson's Beliefs

(Continued from page 27)

"Well, in pictures I couldn't even hope to have better luck than I have had, could I? Just to do better and better work, and hope for better and better plays, that's about all.

"But I want to play on the stage, too. In Barrie plays, and I should like to play Nora in Ibsen's *Doll's House*, but I want a sequel to it; I do not know exactly how that might be brought about, but don't you think we ought to know what befell Nora after she went out from the Doll's House into the night? What she did, and what conclusions she arrived at afterwards. That would make the story complete, don't you think?

"I would also like to play L'Aiglon, and the part of Roxanne in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Perhaps nobody will ever attain the heights Bernhardt reached, or hold the place in the heart of all the world that is hers for all time, but don't you think that a part like that of L'Aiglon helps, a lot sometimes, in making an actress great? Don't you think that studying the part of a great soul in its solving of the problems life puts before it inspires a player and adds to his strength? I do. I haven't gone so very far, but much as I love my work, lucky as I feel about my nice contract, I do believe I would oppose with all my power the assignment to play an unworthy role? I think I would break my contract before I would undertake a part I couldn't put my whole heart into."

Somehow as she said it, with great earnestness, "all my power" seemed considerable. It is not believable that an unworthy part could be assigned to her; she could not "get away with" vampish wiles nor the tricks of the polished adventuress; she is too much in earnest, too candid and sincere. And those eyes would not lend their aid. They are wonderful eyes. We have already told you they are blue, and beautiful, and we would add that in them the truth abides. It would have to be a very urgent untruth that Betty uttered; the kind Mark Twain took pains to explain as sometimes an essential part of a great truth.

A drive in the evening and occasionally a trip to the theatre are Betty's only recreations. Last week she saw *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and *Love and Glory*. It is her opinion *Hamlet* was no better than his mother. Usually the plays she chooses to see contribute in some way to her self-imposed course of study. She takes great delight in her reading. Her guide, counselor and friend in the premises just now is Miss Rachael Smith, of the Board of Education, Los Angeles City, now visiting in New York. In addition to Shakespeare they are reading Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, and Robert Browning's poems. (You can see by that last that she does not shirk the hard ones.)

She much prefers a small part in which she can do good work to a "fat" part that has no particular meaning beyond featuring gorgeous raiment and the ability to wear it well. She is proud of the fact that she was chosen to play the part of the Madonna in *Ben Hur* from hundreds of applicants.

Some day somebody will write a story around Betty Bronson, after carefully studying her, and great will be the joy thereof.

Brice from Burlesque to Belasco

(Continued from page 15)

said Fanny with a sincerity that would have made it difficult for anyone who had never witnessed one of her mirth-

provoking impressions, or heard her rendition of "In the Spring," to realize that a wonderful comedienne was voicing her heart's innermost desire.

But to anyone who ever witnessed her veritable masterpiece, "My Man," there might well be understood the subliminal depths of which Miss Brice is capable. Her ability to move an audience to either laughter or tears must have been that quality which interested Belasco. In fact it was the rendition of "My Man" that induced the writer, a number of years ago, to point out in a review Miss Brice's worthiness of consideration by the master dramatist and producer.

"Do you know when I started to rehearse the number," said Miss Brice, "everyone but Ziegfeld was afraid I would 'kid' the song, and my success was as much due to his confidence in my ability to put it over as to any other factor?"

Knows More than a Thing or Two

We chatted about a number of things, Miss Brice being most gracious, and found we both enjoyed the same brand of narcotic weeds. Sam Harris most considerably deferred a business conference and extended every courtesy to the writer. We promised to put Sam's name in this article, so here it is—SAM HARRIS!

Fannie expressed her views on a variety of subjects, showing a versatile knowledge of the way of men and things, together with a scope seldom evident in the mental equipment of those, whose busy life on the stage leaves but little time for the acquisition of information save upon matters which their vocational environment necessitates.

"Money does not matter much," said the dramatic-comedienne, "the only thing in the world that counts is health—health above everything." And from the look in her eyes, Fannie has everything.

There's Not the Slightest Doubt

Miss Brice is appearing in "The Music Box Revue" this season, but in another year will appear in a new play being written for her, under the direction and management of David Belasco. There is not the slightest doubt that she will not only achieve the height of her ambition, but scale unknown heights, even to those unconvinced by an Auerbach.

From being fired at twenty-three dollars to being hired at more than twenty-three hundred is undeniably some achievement, but from *Burlesques* to *Belasco* is without question of doubt a still greater achievement of which anyone might well be proud—but none more so than the inimitable, Fannie Brice.

Ned Wayburn's the Way for Many Stars

(Continued from page 46)

for life (though he may not know it at the time), a few months or years more or less before public recognition is gained really make very little difference, because health and joy are insured to the dancer, and one's name in Broadway lights is just another happy incident. This state of mind is the sort that compels fortune to smile more or less goldenly, so the dancer really has nothing to worry about, and doesn't worry.

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